

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"Like April morning clouds that pass,
With varying shadow o'er the grass,
And imitate on field and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow;—
Thus various my romantic theme
Flits, winds, and sinks, a morning dream."

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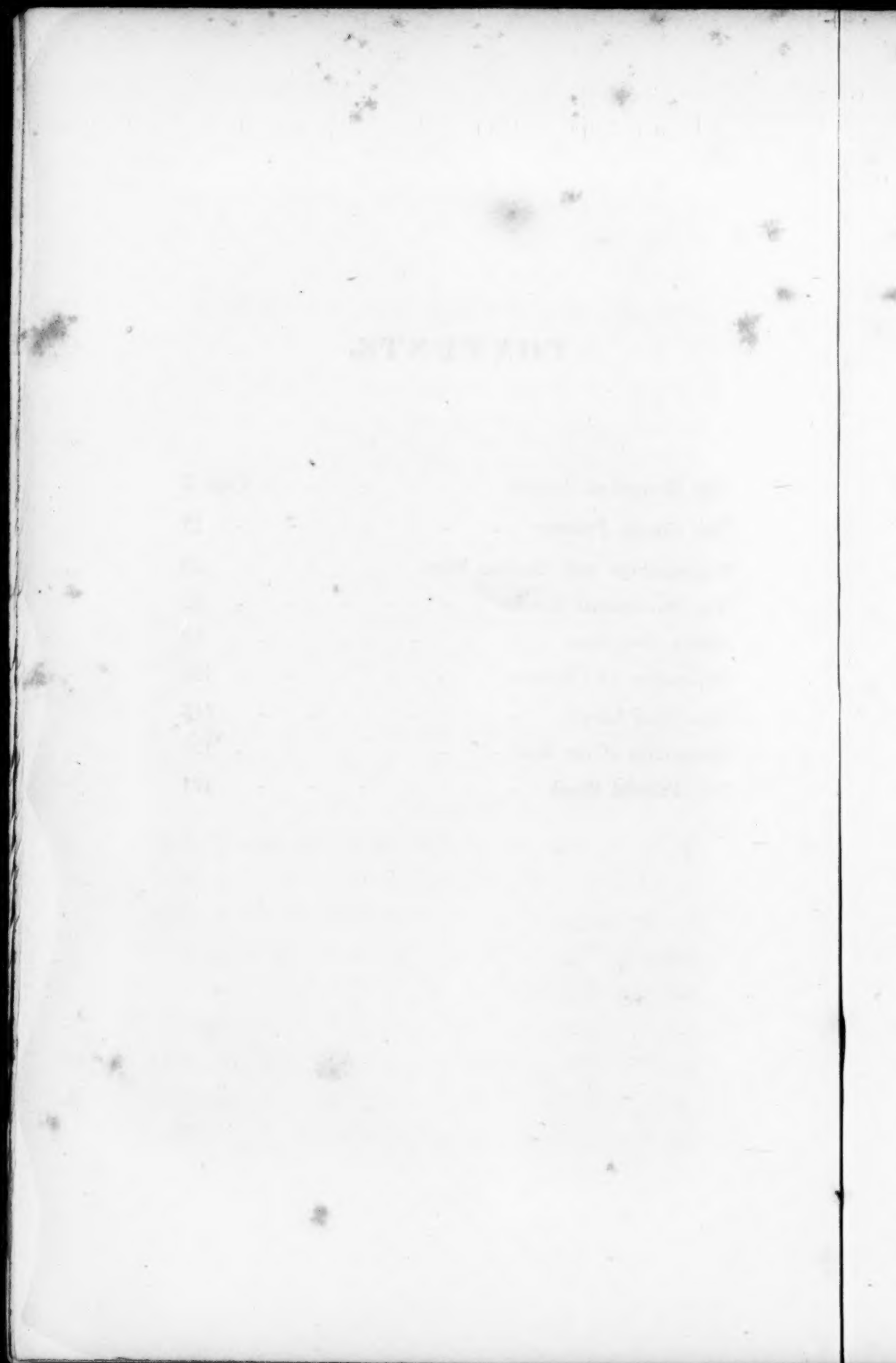
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THE REWARD OF AVARICE.

Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no more :
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.

YOUNG.

THERE resided, not many years ago, in a beautiful village on the Delaware, an elderly man who possessed a wife tolerably handsome; and who, although regarded rich in the estimation of his neighbours, was distinguished by a parsimony almost denying him the comforts which ordinarily fall to the lot of humanity. Though avaricious in the extreme, he was by no means unwilling to contribute to the happiness of his consort, who, on the other hand, was as desirous of making wings for his property as he was disposed to clip them of their liberty. Being many years younger than himself, she was ungrateful enough to repent of the partner she had chosen—and more particularly on account of that narrow penurious disposition which made an idol of other treas-

ures than those which he so solemnly vowed, at the altar, to cherish. Her complaints could not be otherwise than sincere. Having married her husband solely for his property, she began to experience, that hoarded wealth was fully equal to the infirmities of age, and that of all disappointments to be incurred, none are comparable to those of matrimonial life. There was no other remedy but patience, and submission to the doom which awaited her; so, pretendingly obedient to the wishes of her lord, she studied only to discover his long-hidden possessions, and apply them to every purpose which the cravings of her cupidity suggested. If, on the other hand, her spouse was unreasonably wedded to his perishable mammon, it is certain that his lady was as passionately inclined to the other extreme; the one worshipping his idol with the most exclusive devotion; the other refusing to give it even common respect, but desirous of rendering it the means of sacrificing to other deities, which her heart more passionately adored. Avarice and prodigality are equally despicable and ruinous; the former entombing the heart in the prison of its own possessions—the latter wafting it on the wings of every unhallowed pas-

sion, which, sooner or later, must fall a wretched sacrifice to the world. If avarice be the rust of the mind—prodigality is the poison that cankers and blasts its hopes.

The venerable spouse, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Michael, was one of the stillest men in the world. He would occasionally converse with a neighbour on the rise and fall of the market, or gently chide his wife for running into those extravagances so natural and ruinous to her sex; but he was by no means an unkind husband, for he would always compensate his reproofs by all those kind attentions which are pleasing to any but a woman who regards with indifference the assiduities of age. Although married several years, she had never been able to identify his property. It could not consist in either mortgages, deeds, or bank stock, as she would certainly have found them in an old trunk, where he only deposited his papers; but in spite of all her rummaging, she only found torn bills, fragments of old letters, and writing books which he had preserved from a boy, to convince posterity, at least, that if he wielded nothing else, he was able to wield a pen. Sometimes she

thought that he must be a poor man, for he did no kind of business, was in the habit of receiving no money, and, as far as she knew, was in no likelihood of ever becoming richer. But then she had detected him counting whole piles of guineas in his room, of a Sunday, and had as frequently met him with bags in his hand, which her fancy saw filled with brimming heaps of coin. But what could he have done with them? Ah, there was the mystery! And how should she discover so desirable a prize? On the subject of his treasures the old man was always silent; and whenever allusion was made to them, always shrugged his shoulders, looked anxiously down the garden, and folding his hands, drew a deep sigh, as if in resignation to his narrow circumstances. At the approach of dusk, he was always in the habit of resorting to his garden; and his wife generally improved the most of this time in examining every part of the house, to find something, if possible, which his cupidity might have concealed. But all her efforts were fruitless; for she only found a rusty silver dollar which had rolled behind the surbase, and which would doubtless, without a finder, have remained there as long as the house itself.

One evening, while Michael was absent as usual in the garden, a spirit of curiosity excited her to follow him, and ascertain the object of his nightly visitations. He had been gone longer than customary, and she was resolved to know the reason; for who knows, thought she, but I may stumble on the treasures? So, without delay, she slipped into the garden, and after busily searching, could perceive no traces of her husband; when, hearing on a sudden, the noise of a shovel, she concluded that some one must be near, and accordingly pursued her way to a dark retired corner from which the sound appeared to proceed. A thick bushy apple tree grew at the side-walk, and enabled her to secrete herself to observe whatever was going on. The figure of the old man was dimly visible on the other side turning up the ground, and then removing the lid of a box into which he was seen depositing something glittering like money, whose hollow rattling as it fell in made it impossible to mistake its nature. Again he fastened the chest—again the ground was replaced; and after looking inquisitively round in suspicion of discovery, he cautiously bent his way to the house, satisfied of the safety of his wealth. But Michael little

dreamed that there was a witness so near, to detect the altar of his idol, and more particularly the person who was so much interested in the discovery. Thus it frequently happens, that our favourite plans are most cruelly marred by those most nearly connected to us; and that, where we least apprehend danger, we generally experience the saddest reverses of fortune.

Here was a mighty discovery indeed! Here was the fulfilment of all her fondest anticipations! Michael then was rich; but how would she have preferred to see him a beggar, than accursed with so grovelling a disposition, which could thus basely conceal from her the possession of such a fortune. It was not only a mark of contempt towards herself, but it was too dastardly a spirit for a woman of her temper to brook. It was high time, she concluded, to break asunder the chains by which she had been enslaved. Desperate as the measure was, she was determined to dig up the discovered booty, and escape that very night from the habitation of her lord. But where could she, a solitary woman, take refuge? She had a relative in a distant part of Connecticut with whom she might find a tempo-

rary retreat, or she might take private lodgings in some neighbouring city, and there patiently wait the issue of the event. Accordingly, that very night, assisted by a servant, she removed the good man's strong hold of consolation, and set off in a carriage, which she had hired, for New-York. Thus guilt always commences with a discontented mind, which, growing presumptuous under a privation of imaginary blessings, reasons itself into a right of casting off all restraint, and employing any means in the promotion of its desires.

They had not proceeded far, before conscience began to accuse her of the impropriety of her conduct—but was she not flying from a man whom she inwardly detested?—a man who was refusing her the confidence of a husband, and denying her those luxuries which she imagined were justly her due? The coachman was directed to proceed with all possible despatch; as if that could hurry her from the reproaches of self-accusation, and the danger of escaping the future retribution of justice. The quick-trotting of horses, and the rattling of a carriage behind them, made them almost fear that the throng of

pursuit was after them, and they several times resolved to return and replace their booty. But they, who are bold enough to silence the remonstrances of virtue, are always apt to resist them to the last; and how few are the attempts to follow her amiable convictions and determine to be virtuous in spite of all their temptations to dishonour!

Having arrived at New-York the following day, she took private lodgings at one of the fashionable hotels, giving out that she was a widow, who had just buried her husband, and had come to the city for the purpose of settling his concerns. But then there was that unlucky, heavy box, which she had forgotten to have secured; and, from its weight and rattling, convinced the porters who conveyed it to her lodgings, that there were treasures concealed of more than ordinary importance. Suspicion, for it is always busy, began to rest upon her as some heroine in disguise, who had committed some enormous robbery, and was flying away from the pursuit of the officers of justice. But there was nothing about her to excite such surmises; for she possessed a winning and genteel address,

and exciting those irresistible impressions which the contemplation of a friendless woman always inspires. But it is difficult to stop the tongues of the talkative and envious; and with all her claims to general sympathy, her presence became shunned by the inmates of the house. To prevent further mortification, she deemed it expedient to depart; and her next step was to find an asylum, with her relative in Connecticut, from all those suspicions resting upon her character. But what was she to do with the confounded box, which, like Abu Casem's slippers, haunted her wherever she went? She dared not deposit the coin in any bank, or with any individual, for that, she knew, would be the most certain method of blazoning abroad her folly. Fool that she was! why had she not provided for all this dilemma, and been more cautious in taking so precipitous a step? It is plain, that she had been urged by the violence of ungovernable passions, which too frequently legislate for the understanding. She arrived at her relative's in a few days; but there it was necessary to plan some specious story to account satisfactorily for her newly acquired possessions; and she accordingly declared, that her husband was dead,

and that she had brought away the property which he had left her.

She had not been there longer than a month, before the newspapers were teeming with a most singular robbery, said to have been committed upon a gentleman in Pennsylvania; and particular mention was made of his wife who had left her home. No name was inserted: but the dread of discovery hanging heavy upon her heart, she apologized to her friend for the necessity of her return, and departed that very day with her hapless box and servant. She now began to feel the painful consequences of guilt, and the wretchedness of yielding to her ruling desires. Accusing herself of the maddest folly, she seemed like one awakening from a sickly dream, and wondered how she could have thus forgotten the dignity of her sex, and plunged into dangers which, she feared, were inevitable. She remembered that Michael, though penurious, had always been an attentive husband; and that the crime for which she hated him was the result of his declining years. But had she no faults of which to accuse herself—no spirit of extravagance fully equal to the avarice of her

consort, and just as much entitled to the censures she bestowed on him? Such were the reflections which conscience inspired in the bosom of our penitent dame, while bending her sorrowful way to her husband's house, from which she had been absent almost two months;—and who could tell her what had transpired since last she left it?—It was after dusk when she arrived. The place looked more dreary and desolate than formerly; the window-shutters were closed—no living creature was seen around the premises—and a small wooden bar nailed upon the entrance of the door intimated that admittance was altogether in vain. The returning prodigal resolved, at all events, to restore the fatal box to the place whence it was taken, that in case of apprehension, by the neighbours, or her husband, she might not have in her possession so awful a witness against her. Having entered the garden, through a small unfastened gate, they found the hole just as they had left it; and after replacing the chest, the ground was covered over the object of her cupidity. She returned to the house with a slow, dejected air; and after requesting the servant to remain within her call, she approached the back piazza; but there was nothing here more indicative of inhabitants than at the

front; and she consequently concluded that either Michael had left the premises, or had sunk under the weight of her neglect. She observed a light, however, from a small window in the gable end of the kitchen; and while she was conjecturing the cause, the cellar-door was opened, and the form of a woman arose from the steps, who, perceiving a stranger in the garden, paused, as if awaiting her approach. "Who can this be?" whispered the forlorn wanderer to herself.—"Michael surely is not re-married—or has the house fallen to some other occupant?" "Who are you," demanded the ill-natured voice of a withered woman, "disturbing our rest at this unseasonable hour? Can it be the ghost of Michael's wife—or is it some beggar that comes to demand a night's lodging?" "For the love of heaven," the other inquired, "inform me whether Michael is yet living, and is it possible that I can see him?" "Living, indeed," drawled out the other; "if lying on a death-bed be what you call living! he is alive enough, I trust, and as to your seeing him to-night, it will cost you more steps than I am willing to take in showing you; so your best way is to decamp from this yard, or I'll call the old watchdog to your assistance, for I warrant you have no good designs to be wan-

dering alone in other people's property." Retreating like a culprit from her former home, she retraced her way to the garden gate, but perceived that her servant-man was gone—and to her dismay, observed that the hole was re-dug, and the box removed. Suspicion flashed upon her mind, that her attendant must have secured it in the interval of her absence. Fear and despair took possession of her soul, as she dwelt upon her situation. She called for her domestic, but she was only answered by the growls of a fierce mastiff, disputing over the fence for his right to the grounds. "You may willingly have them," exclaimed the weary woman; "box, property, and all, only give me back my husband, and the peace of mind which I have forfeited." She heard a quick step behind her, and a voice demanding "Who's there?" Concealment was vain; for faint and weary, she clung for support to the banisters of a piazza, on which she had sat in more happy days; and saw by her side a tall, uncouth figure leaning inquisitively on her, and calling her by the name of her injured husband. "Where—oh, where can I find Michael?" her lips were just able to repeat. "If that be all you want," said the other, carelessly, "I'll bring you to him in a trice." Supported by her companion, she

was conducted to a small cottage without the village, where, informing her that she could find Michael, he left her at the door to the anguish of her reflections. The house was, doubtless, closed for the night; but a dim light shone from one of the windows, and a murmuring voice within aroused her to the melancholy of her situation. She was about meeting an injured husband; the victim, it is true, of many faults and infirmities; but still he was her husband; perhaps expiring, as she believed, from the cruelty of her conduct. How could she endure his look—what apology offer—how avert his deserved reproaches? She knocked at the door with a trembling hand, and a feeble cry answered from the chamber, to “Come in;” when, raising the latch, she felt the door yielding to her pressure; and she was standing in the presence of Michael, extended on his dying bed, preparing to render up his accounts. The room was feebly lighted by a flaring taper in the chimney, and a boy was standing at the bed-side administering to the last moments of the dying man. “Doctor, you have arrived too late,” exclaimed the quivering lips of threescore years; “but why not come before?” “I have come indeed,” replied the guilty daughter of sorrow, “to bind up the wounds which I have

inflicted, and atone for the injury you have sustained." "Is that the voice of Adelaide," returned the reviving sufferer, "or is it her spirit from the grave, come to warn me of my departure?" "I am no spirit, Michael, but your own wretched wife, who has ruined your temporal and domestic comforts, and is kneeling at your side to express the penitence she feels." "Oh, it is too late," murmured the dying man; "I cannot curse you, Adelaide, for money has been my idol; it was the loss of that, more than yourself, that has reduced me to what you see; but we can only profit by the past—since we cannot recall it; for I feel that avarice has not only ruined me, but—" "Say it was my extravagance," sobbed the other, "that led me to defraud you—and break the wretched heart that here lies fluttering before me; Oh, could I restore the past, how differently would I have acted! but the cursed box is gone, and—" "You have not spent them all?" the aged miser inquired, his eyes lighted up by the fire of his ruling passion. The other had no opportunity to reply, for a deep groan broke from the expiring pillow; and, after a dreary pause, the aged man resumed, "Adelaide, I am dying: I will not leave you pennyless, though my precious box has gone—after my death, you will find about me all that

I can leave you—but oh, I have sinned against the hope of forgiveness, and—” “But there is a precious Saviour,” said the weeping wife, “that can wash the penitent clean; for it is written, ‘all manner of sins shall be forgiven unto men.’” Strange as it may seem, the guilty woman prayed in all the fervency of her soul for her companion; and, at the close, his eye was lighted up with a more than common smile. “Adelaide,” he muttered, “you have come to close my dying eyes—would it had been always thus! but oh—may we meet to part no more, in a better and happier world!” The spirit of Michael soon departed, and Adelaide was a widow: but, though entirely destitute, she felt in what she had performed, a consolation which worlds were unable to bestow.

Michael sold his house immediately after the loss of his treasures; and converting it into money, purchased the cottage, where his troubles reduced him to the grave. True to himself, he had fastened his gold in a flannel waistcoat, next his body; and it was not until he was laid out that Adelaide was aware of the fact. Her servant was soon apprehended, and the fatal box restored to its mistress, who had learned to abhor the effects of prodigality and avarice.

THE CHURCH PRISONER.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—COWPER.

THE legend of American recollection abounds with a rich variety of incidents, confined alone to the social circle, or the ear of a few favoured friends; unless, perchance, some inquisitive antiquary patiently investigates, and rescues them from oblivion. It is a source of regret, that so many facts, in the possession of the aged, who bore a conspicuous part in the revolutionary struggle, should lie entombed in their remembrance, when the eyes that witnessed, and the hands which achieved them, will be shortly dim and cold in the grave. The rising generation around us will soon be unable to identify the spots, hallowed by memorable deeds; and all that will remain of many past exploits will be a dark tradition, varied by contradictory accounts

of the listeners; until, for want of satisfactory evidence, they will altogether fade from the memory. Whenever I behold an aged American, who has journeyed down to us through the vicissitudes of threescore years and ten, I not only contemplate a chronicler of past events, but a witness of the protection and providence of Heaven. With sentiments like these, I visited, a few days ago, an aged gentleman, by the name of Doughty, whose recollections furnished me with the following remarkable facts.

Linton Doughty was a young farmer of Monmouth county, New-Jersey, and while the British had the controul of New-York, was drafted from the militia to protect the shores from invasion, and give notice of every movement, both on land and water, annoying to the American arms. The country about the seashore was extremely uneven and woody, so that parties of soldiers might clandestinely approach, and not become visible till upon the enemy; and on this account the sentinels had but little opportunity of alarming the main guard in season. News had arrived, of a large body of the English marching across the country in their direction, and the Major of

the battalion immediately ordered about twenty of the bravest men that could be selected, to stand on guard that night, as every thing depended on the valour of those employed. Doughty was among the number; and was distinguished for his courage and prudence; being bravely resolved, not to be surprised by the best concerted movements of the enemy. He was stationed in a thick wood, about a mile from the main body, and his peremptory orders were, to fire whenever he heard the least motion or noise. It was a bright, moonlight night; and he stood behind one of the tall trees, watching the variations of light and shadow which the waving branches produced. The dead silence was interrupted by the rustling of a distant tree, with the tramp of feet; and the figure of several persons were seen stealing before him; when the quivering moonbeams revealed the dress of English soldiers. He immediately fired his gun, which was directly answered by several of the company. He heard the balls whizzing along the branches, but he felt that he was safe. Retreating in the direction of his regiment, he found that his own camp had been surprised by an overpowering force; and he was accordingly cap-

tured with the rest, and escorted to New-York, to become prisoner of war, in the Dutch Reformed Church in William-street. It was a spacious stone building, without a spire, enclosed by a white paled fence, more thoroughly secured by high joist pickets, to prevent the escape of the American prisoners. A tavern was kept in a corner of the yard, by one Varnum, the captain of the prison, and a sort of sutler, who made considerable money in retailing liquors to the soldiers, and the friends who came to visit them. The condition of the church beggared all description. The ceiling and pillars, which might have been formerly white, were yellowed by the exhalations of vapour and tobacco smoke continually rising. Large pieces of the side-wall were broken off, from the yawning lathes, through which the hungry rats and mice were constantly scampering; and the deep windows were filled with tangled cobwebs and dust, that almost debarred the admittance of the light. The gallery pews were still standing, but their doors had been broken off to manufacture three-legged stools; and the floor of the former had been torn up in many places by the noisy crew, exposing the naked rafters to observation. On the ground-

floor, nothing but the pulpit was standing, whose dark mahogany aspect seemed in mourning for the sacrilege around it. The prisoners, for amusement, were, in one direction, pitching quoits, in another, playing fives against the walls. At other times they would foot away cotillons, hornpipes, and four-handed reels—while others, of a serious mood, would huddle in dull communion, and prose over the adventures and consequences of the war. The great difficulty in dancing was the attainment of proper music—the coarse humming of one of the party only serving as their band. But Doughty was a cabinet-maker, and with the assistance of a carpenter, and a person, by the name of Williams, who was a professed musician, had the hardihood to demolish the pulpit, and manufacture violins from its pannel-work, which, with the addition of catgut, in the possession of one of the company, composed tolerable instruments to amuse most of their melancholy hours. But all this was miserable business for Doughty, who was dreaming rather of military triumphs, than tuning up silly jigs in a church. He accordingly determined to escape. He thought, that if he could so manage it as to be put upon the sick list, and sent to the hospital.

that he should have a better chance of success, than among vigilant guards, and lofty picket fences. Knowing that tobacco made him deadly sick, he chewed, one night, a considerable quantity, and the next morning he feared, in good earnest, that he had carried the joke almost too far. The physician felt his pulse—shook his head, and giving his opinion that the rascal had merely a sick stomach, precluded, at least for that time, his favourite design. The next attempt was in concert with several others, to endeavour, during the inattention of the sentry, to break through the pickets, surrounding the churchyard. The prisoners were allowed, throughout the day, to come without the walls, and amuse themselves in whatever way they pleased. It was concerted, that while the sentinels were walking at either end of the building, a number of prisoners should crowd around them, and in that manner prevent their observation of what was transpiring. Among the rest was John Paulding, who was also desirous with Doughty of deliverance from his captivity. On the following day the adventurous scheme was attempted. The guard was accordingly blinded by the stratagem, and John Paulding was the first that escaped through the

pickets: and immediately, as if Providence so designed, was present at Tarrytown to arrest Major Andre; so that the freedom of one person became the death-warrant of another. After Paulding, another fortunately followed; but when it came to Doughty's turn, a woman, from a neighbouring window, notified the sentinels that their charge was making off, so that disappointment again mocked the wishes of our hero. He was not however to be damped by failure, for it was his favourite motto, that difficulty was the highway to success. He accordingly conceived a project, which he communicated to his fellow-prisoners, as bold in its conception, as difficult in its results. It was to dig a hole under the foundation of the church, and excavate a passage into an opposite neighbouring house. It demanded all his cunning to devise the method and place of commencing operations, so as to elude observation, if suspicion should be excited. He had a large case knife, which a file soon converted into a saw, and pieces of plank were easily made into spades. Under both stairs, there were large closets with doors, and into one of these our resolute veteran entered, and his first business was to saw out a place from the floor suf-

ficiently large to admit several persons. The work was to be effected at night, when a candle could be safely introduced within the closet, and no suspicion could be indulged of what was going on in the church. Those disposed to escape were divided into two parties; the one to take their turn in digging, the other to convey the dirt beneath the floor of the gallery. It was extremely difficult to move the ground, on account of the numberless stones impeding their way; but, at length, sufficient progress was made to learn the difficulty of the undertaking. It is surprising with what silence and secrecy the work was conducted. The weather being warm, the prisoners took off their shoes; and preserving the deepest silence, laboured up and down stairs without a suspicion from without, that the least design was in operation among them. They dug about ten feet before they attempted to pursue a horizontal course towards the street; and here they found a soft clay soil, less resisting to the shovel, and forming, by its continuity, an artificial arch above their heads. The aperture was just large enough to admit them on their hands and knees, and after patiently toiling, they arrived under the solid foundation. They con-

tinued undermining the wall which was eight feet thick, when they were partially obstructed by several of the heavy stones breaking away from above, which, after considerable assiduity they removed to their reservoir in the gallery. They perceived that they were working immediately under the churchyard, for they distinctly understood the conversation of the sentinels, whose heavy steps above their heads sounded most dolefully to their ears. As it was impossible to ascertain, underground, the distance to be pursued, Doughty paced, during the day, the exact space from the church to the pickets; and comparing the breadth of the street with the measurement thus taken, observed the same plan in the subterranean passage. To determine the course, it was only requisite, while he was below, that several of the party should walk heavily over head, in the precise direction which they were to take. Having perforated a chasm of more than thirty feet, they arrived at a stone wall, which, they conjectured, was the foundation of the opposite building; and it being broad day-break, they agreed to wait till the following night, when they were resolved to succeed or perish in the attempt. It so happened, that the prisoners were examined, every

morning, alternately, by an English and Hessian officer, and it fell to the turn of the Hessian commander to inspect the captives that day. While scanning them over, his eye singled out a fellow whom he accused of deserting from the Hessian infantry, and he threatened him with instant death for taking up arms with the rebels. His countenance turned deadly pale, and his companions supposed that his fate was absolutely sealed. In a few hours, he was conducted from the yard by a file of soldiers, and he bade his associates farewell, regarding himself in the condition of a dead man.

It was about evening when the Hessian deserter left the yard; and every one being too deeply engrossed in his own safety, forgot the circumstance in preparation for the approaching adventure. The church-door was locked, as usual, for the night, and all but those too cowardly to purchase freedom, were alive with expectation to descend into the cavern. It was a moment, indeed, of considerable solicitude, since it was to decide the termination of their inglorious captivity, and arm the darkest vengeance against them, in case of being discovered. They

felt that their country demanded their services in rescuing her from a thralldom so unnatural to be maintained, and unsanctioned by laws both human and divine. To minds like theirs, wearied by long continued subjection, in a building too sacrilegiously distorted into a miserable dungeon, and on the very soil where most of them drew their first breath of life, any means were adopted to escape from confinement, and punish the violators of their liberty. Provided with a dark-lantern, the intrepid Doughty first ventured down the secret cavity, desiring the rest to follow, whenever they heard the signal of his call; so that in case he succeeded in working through the wall, he would certainly notify his anxious companions. They were aware that no one was more capable than himself, of regulating the plan; and that, even in case of surprise, it were better that one should suffer, than that all should be implicated in the penalty. Having directed one of their number to listen at the closet, they waited in the church, a considerable time, to catch the welcome message of their precursor. Nearly an hour had elapsed, and the voice of Doughty was unheard. Disappointed, and astonished, several of the party were preparing to

descend, when, on a sudden, the heavy church-door creaked upon its hinges, and the hasty trampling of feet indicated that something unusual was about to happen. As quick as thought, the appearance of a file of soldiers silenced observation, and they were directing their steps to the subterranean chasm. "Is this the way, you rebels," roared out a corporal-looking fellow, "that you manifest your gratitude for the favours you have received? But chains, with bread and water, will soon cool down the ringleaders!" Several of those standing near the closet were taken into custody, and instantly ordered to be carried to the guard-house; while the others were required to fill up the hole with the materials which were taken from it. "But first let the place be examined!" said the crusty soldier, making motion for one of the troop to venture below; but all expressing some reluctance, the cavity was filled up with a pile of rubbish and stones, and a double floor was immediately nailed over the entrance. The enclosures were soon also removed from under the stairs, that the whole of the lower floor might be laid open to the inspection of the soldiers. The unfortunate fellows, found near the closet, were

hurried to the guard-house, where they were sentenced to ten days' confinement, on bread and water, in the darkest dungeon of the Prevot, now the old jail.

But where was Doughty all this time? He had crept slowly along the passage; and while under the yard, he overheard a conversation above his head, apparently that of the sentinels. "Have you been told of the prisoners' plot," said a rough voice, "which the Hessian deserter has divulged to the officers; was n't he a cunning dog to save his life at so trifling an expense?" "Confusion upon them!" replied the other; "I have heard of the cunning scheme, and I have no doubt that the foxes are grubbing already under ground; but they will sing a different tune when they see over their heads the guns of our soldiers. But hark! let us endeavour to listen if any thing is going on below!" Doughty, at this moment, almost drew in his breath, for fear of being heard—but the conversation changing on another less important topic, he began to deliberate whether or not he should return. He recollected, that if he went back, he was certain of slavery; and, that to remain where he was, there

would be a strong probability of escape. He knew that not a moment must be lost. Guided by his lantern, whose dark side he turned to himself, he commenced sapping, with his tools, the foundation of the building; but feared, from the solidity of the mason-work, the impossibility of securing an entrance. While thus engaged, the clattering of feet were heard over-head, and the opening of the church-door, attended by the loud hum of the party. He was almost certain of being dragged from his concealment, and made an example to the rest of the prisoners. But he had no friend now, but his own fortitude, to consult; and he was excited to persevere, in spite of the dangers which hung over his head. Willingly would he have gone back, could that mitigate the penalty of his companions, and rescue him from the danger which he was so fearlessly braving. The idea too of being murdered, or buried alive, was too excruciating for his fancy to dwell on; but if unsuccessful in the object of his enterprise, what alternative was left but to return to the prison? What was his dismay, when he heard the noise of stones and other rubbish filling up the cavity; and his lamp extinguished by a sudden current of wind, left him overwhelmed by

the most oppressive darkness. The damp air began to breathe heavily, and the horrible sensation, for the moment, came over him, that, perhaps, he might perish for want of air. The confinement of his associates appeared perfect liberty, compared to his own abandonment; and he almost resolved to clear out the avenue through which he had waded. But a moment's reflection taught him that he had the power, perhaps, of effecting his escape, and avenging the wrongs of his country. His courage became, more than ordinarily, emboldened. The stones began to crumble more easily away, and, by degrees, he succeeded in perforating an aperture into a cellar, where he saw hogsheads, barrels, and lumber of various kinds; but hearing the sound of footsteps, and the echo of voices, he paused for a while; and all again being still, he climbed through the hole into the cellar, and taking refuge behind two immense casks, he was determined to wait there till assured of his safety in venturing forward. To his chagrin, he listened again to the approach of persons down the steps, who, coming to the butts, behind which he was secreted, began to bore a hole in one of them as if intending to draw off the contents; and while

turning the gimblet, one of them observed, "What a fine posse of soldiers, Bill; doubtless they are drinking like fishes to the confusion of the prisoners' plot." "Avast there, Tom," cried the other, "draw away for your life, for so much talking over the ale will certainly turn it sour." "They say," returned the other, "that one of the rebels has escaped through the hole, but I hope that he'll not appear to us in the cellar, or by the hair of my head I'll souse him in the beer to his chin; but dont you hear something moving?" "Nothing, you ninny," said his comrade, "but the beer gurgling from the cask, and if you don't mind, it will overrun the measure." At this instant, the pipe rolled on Doughty's left foot, and occasioned a hollow groan from behind. "Powers of mud!" screamed the fellows, taking to their heels up stairs, with the rapidity of squirrels, forgetful of their lantern and the escape of the foaming beer. Our hero was bold enough to take a hearty sup; and suffering the cellar to enjoy a deeper draught, he fled through an area into the yard; and while the landlord and soldiers were searching for the ghost, he escaped through the darkness to a friend's house, from which he speedily joined the American army.

CONVERSATIONS

WITH

THOMAS PAINE.

The mind was still all there ; but turn'd astray :—
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one.

T. MOORE.

ILLUSTRIOUS minds have existed, who have denied the credibility of scripture, and ascribed to the dimness of reason all the mental and moral light which they enjoy : but they were intellects which, enslaved and corrupted by the world, renounced a system so mortifying to their passions, and so ruinous, if true, to their everlasting peace. As the rays of light, transmitted through a dense medium, prevent the eye from correctly viewing the object, so the unhappy medium through which revelation is beheld, either veils it in contradiction and absurdity, or exhibits it in a different language from that originally intended.

Indebted to the Bible for every public and domestic privilege, and illuminated and warmed by its holy and invigorating beams, the skeptic unfairly places reason upon the throne of the universe, when she is merely the pupil of a greater and wiser power. It is as absurd as if the scholar should deny that he was indebted to education for the light that he possessed ; and maintain that the powers of unassisted intellect are capable of directing him on his way. If reason be thus predominant, let an instance be shown of any barbarous nation ever civilizing itself—ever turning from the darkness of savage ignorance, until enlightened and purified by Christianity ;—and the palm of victory shall be decided in its favour. The classic nations, though from their proximity to the Jews, they must, doubtless, have received a considerable portion of sacred light, never rose higher in the scale than civilized barbarians ; for the imperfection of their philosophy, and the corruptions of their moral code, evidence how low, compared with the Christian world, they were sunk in the shades of error. To the association of their sages with the prophets of Judea, they may have been entirely indebted for all their improvement ; and hence the lofty

pinnacle they reached, affects not, in the least degree, the issue of the question. The living fact evidenced these eighteen hundred years past that no nation has attained intellectual and moral worth, until refined by Christianity, is sufficient to prove, that reason is indebted to the wisdom that is from heaven. To elevate reason above the latter, is, as if the astronomer should ascribe to the moon the sole power of enlightening, and forget that she was only an auxiliary to the sun that is invisible. Were the evidences of Christianity weak and fallacious, it would manifest a sickly spirit in questioning its claims; for who would not rather desire that so glorious a system should prove true, than that infidelity should usurp the supremacy? What possessor of an estate is constantly labouring to discern flaws in his title, but does not rather substantiate its validity in despite of every suspicion? If the hopes of heaven were half as valuable in their estimation, men would feel more interest in defending than in weakening their authority. The adversaries of the Bible, then, ought to reverse their conduct, by first examining the testimony which establishes its authenticity, before they proceed to canvass their objections.

The prevalence of skepticism too often arises from a laxity of morals, which rivets the mind to a perusal of the objections against Christianity, and a familiarity with those sarcastically hostile to its promotion. A sneering laugh has often more weight with the multitude than the most powerful arguments; and majority of names have effected more than the deepest learning, or the purest light of example. It is certain, however, that thousands oppose the gospel, more from the restraints of pride, and the persuasions of corrupt associates, than from the power of conviction derived from sober and patient investigation; and that oftentimes the tears of penitence would fall, and the chains of infidelity be broken, were they not frozen and forged by the sneers and opposition of the abandoned. The hope of being recorded in the annals of posterity—the passion for novelty attracting a crowd of followers—the mortification of renouncing one's own opinion, and pursuing the track we formerly despised, too often render the mind impenetrable to the convictions of religion. That it was the case with Thomas Paine, the author of "The Age of Reason," I am strongly persuaded, from a conversation which a friend of mine enjoyed

with him, not long previous to his death. My liberal-minded friend always respected genius wherever it shone, and was desirous of visiting that extraordinary man, to learn whether he was the monster as had been represented, and discover, if possible, his predominant sentiments. The conversation may be relied on; and as I am in no respects disposed to caricature the picture, every circumstance shall be recorded precisely as it occurred.

Having learned from some of the papers that Thomas Paine had lately published his work on "Dreams," my friend considered this an excellent excuse to visit him. His lodgings were on the south side of the Bear market, near Greenwich-Street; and he was pointed out sitting at an upper window, apparently engaged in writing. The weather was sultry, and the windows and doors were invitingly open: so, without ceremony, my informant entered the apartment, fearful, on the one hand, of improperly intruding, and of arousing, on the other, the indignation of the occupant. His room embraced the whole width of the house, the floor and walls of which were remarkably filthy. In the

north-east corner, behind a jointed screen, was discernible a pal'et-bed, upon the floor, covered with papers. In the opposite angle was a large trunk; and at the other, a disorderly pile of several scores of pamphlets. Before Mr. Paine, at the middle window, stood a crazy table, containing a decanter with some liquor, a tumbler, with a broken-eared pitcher—a huge snuff-box well filled with rappee, and another without a cover, containing some loose change, while several newspapers were lying indiscriminately before him. There was a broken-legged table behind him, on which were the implements of writing, and apparently that at which he had been sitting. The lines on the paper were singularly irregular—the top of the sheet was fair, but the middle and bottom of the page were whimsically discoloured by snuff, which the sage was in the habit of profusely taking.

The appearance of Mr. Paine was remarkably eccentric. His dark hair, which seemed to have borne the marks of the French style, stood in all directions, with a long slender cue reaching to his hips. His face was curiously discoloured by pimples, so that a clear spot was scarcely dis-

cernible, of the size of a wafer. His beard seemed, at least, of several weeks' growth, and his upper lip was extremely stained with snuff. The linen which he wore was, nearly, the same colour as the floor; the collar was open, and the bosom of a similar complexion to his upper lip. His countenance was somewhat gaunt; his nose, large; his brow, protruding and heavy; and his small dark eyes threw a brilliancy of expression which no description can convey. He wore a gown of red and yellow striped stuff, called Bengal, with pantaloons of the same kind; and his stockingless feet were attired in coarse list-moccasins, with one of the points so broken, as to expose his great toe to observation. In this "*Otium cum dignitate*," sat this extraordinary philosopher, intent only upon his studies, and apparently holding in contempt the pomp and insignia of grandeur. My friend respectfully saluted him, and told him that the object of his interruption was to purchase his work on "*Dreams*." Mr. Paine regarded him with a look of courteous surprise—apologized for inability to rise, owing to his lameness; but requested him to be seated until his boy should return, whom he had just dismissed upon an errand. Independ-

ently of the arm-chair which the infirm sage occupied, my friend found another without a back, which was the only other in the room; and here, in midst of this wretchedness and disorder, he was to encounter a man who had thrown all Europe into agitation.

Referring to his book, the philosopher opened the conversation on dreams, and several other topics of physical philosophy, and branching off into the merits of various writers, terminated in desultory remarks upon his own productions. It was plain that he was anxious to enlist the other in religious cannonade, who without suspecting that the charge was so soon in readiness, was thus questioned by Mr. Paine; "Have you read my writings, sir?" "I have, sir," replied his visiter, "read all that have been published, except the work I have just called for." "And what do you think of them, sir?" demanded Mr. Paine, his little sparkling eyes glancing dubiously upon his companion. This was a question by no means anticipated, but politeness required an immediate reply. "Your political works, sir," answered the visiter, "contain some of the finest sentiments and representations of liberty, which.

probably, are to be found in any language; and I am persuaded that your ‘Common Sense,’ and ‘Rights of Man,’ with many of your similar pieces, will be always read with pleasure by every lover of freedom. Mr. Paine seemed pleased with the reply, and interrupting his visiter, went into a short detail of circumstances, connected with the period when he published ‘Common Sense.’ —“It was, sir,” said he, accompanying the expression with a most expressive glance of his eye, “at the very time when this country was fighting for reconciliation—Yes!” he repeated, “fighting for reconciliation.” The visiter observed, “About that time, sir, a very excellent man, and fine scholar, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, published a political work, entitled ‘The Bible and The Sword,’ with a view to encourage religious persons to engage in the war against America; and though some of the English ministry were highly gratified with his publication, yet the wisest and best of that clergyman’s friends considered him injudiciously meddling with political subjects, with which he was so little acquainted; and I intended to say, sir,” continued the visiter, “that the most respectable of Mr. Paine’s friends have extremely re-

gretted that he ever ventured to write upon the subject of religion. There is nothing new to be developed in the extensive field of objection against divine revelation; every difficulty has been repeatedly retailed from age to age, and has received powerful answers which have never been refuted by a reply. The most which I have ever heard from wise and good men, on the subject of Mr. Paine's religious writings, were, that his talents had only given a new and popular combination to old materials." Mr. Paine gave a dissatisfied smile, leaned his head upon his hand, and, without deigning a reply, gazed upon the street.

After a short silence, my friend assured Mr. Paine that he had not the slightest intention of offering him the least offence or disrespect; that independently of procuring his treatise on "Dreams," he was desirous of conversing with him as a gentleman and a philosopher. Mr. Paine then turned to renew the conversation. The visiter then demanded, "Have you ever read, sir, the answers which have been addressed to your 'Age of Reason?'" "Not I," returned the other, rather crustily; "read them, indeed!

No; not I! Some of those writers appear to be deists themselves, and I understand, have been answered by Jews. There is a man in New-Jersey who has written two large volumes against my little work, to which he has given the title of ‘An Antidote to Deism.’ Now an antidote to deism, in my opinion, is atheism. The only one whom I have considered worthy of notice among all my adversaries, is the Bishop of Landaff; and I have prepared a reply to his book, which is in that trunk,” pointing to one that was in a corner of the room. He then repeated part of the answer which he had written, beginning with a catalogue of titles, belonging to the prelate. He then proceeded to repeat the commencement of it; “The name of your book, sir, ‘An Apology for the Bible,’ is well worthy of the cause to which you have directed your pen: now an apology always supposes that the person or thing, for which apology is offered, is more or less in error.” The visiter remarked, “A play upon words might manifest considerable ingenuity, but seldom amounted to an argument; and that a gentleman of Mr. Paine’s understanding must know that nothing is gained by attacking ambiguous, but popular titles of books, as the

term 'Antidote,' or 'Apology,' which he well knew, was susceptible of very different meanings. I am of opinion," continued my friend, growing bolder from familiarity, "that a revelation from God to man, can be fairly sustained from the very nature and necessity of things. In all large associations, there must be a revelation or exhibition of law, to define general and social duties, without which, nations cannot be governed, or society supported. If the whims, passions, and prejudices of every man, are to legislate for himself, there must be an end to civil and moral association. To suppose that the Almighty has left the knowledge of our religious duties, to the dictates of the various shades of human character, which was never known to agree in any thing, would be a contradiction to reason and common sense; and human government, whose principles and duties are prescribed, would be wiser and more humane than the divine; which is a manifest contradiction." Mr. Paine regarded the speaker sternly, as if he entered into the argument; but, with a sigh, he directed his eyes to the heavens, and was for a moment wrapt in contemplation. After a pause, the visiter continued: "Sir, there are substantial

reasons for adopting the scriptures as 'The Word of God,' which, perhaps, have not occurred to you." The philosopher instantly turned round, and good-humouredly observed, "Yes, sir; but there are so many 'Words of God!' The Chinese have their 'Word of God!' The Mahometans, their 'Word of God!' And the Jews, and the Christians, have also theirs!" "True, sir;" replied the other, "but this very objection, which Mr. Volney also mentioned, is an additional proof of divine revelation. The fact of there being numerous claimants to the same object, evidences that the rightful claim exists somewhere. We have numerous examples of this, in our courts of justice: and the very existence of spurious coin, supposes an original which they are intended to represent. So, among the different pretensions to revelation, it is the business of sound philosophy, unbiassed by pride or prejudice, soberly to examine the evidences of each; and pure Christianity has nothing to fear from the result." Mr. Paine appeared considerably affected, sighed deeply, and with his head upon his hand, continued to gaze upon the sky. At this moment, the boy returned; and at Mr. Paine's direction, handed the other his pamphlet, "On Dreams." He

offered to pay for it; but the philosopher refusing, held it to him, observing, "I beg you to accept it, sir." My friend thanked him, and prepared to withdraw, remarking, "I fear that I have trespassed too much upon your time!" "No, sir," the other replied; "and if you are not particularly engaged, I would be happy if you would stay longer, for farther conversation." My informant again thanked him, and told him that he had long desired to see and converse with him, and would remain, with pleasure, a few moments longer.

While standing at the table, he took up a newspaper, which contained an extract from an English journal, proposing a substitute for a life-boat along the most dangerous parts of the coast; namely, that a line, of sufficient length, should be attached to a ball, and shot over a wreck, by which many lives might be saved, who might be providentially enabled to draw themselves a-shore. The visiter remarked that "the invention was very simple, but would, no doubt, prove exceedingly useful." "Yes, sir," said Mr. Paine; "but this was discovered by a Frenchman, while I was at Paris.—The British

are fond of claiming every thing." He spoke of the superiority of the French to the English; and mentioned many circumstances connected with the government. He dwelt particularly on Buonaparte; of his intended descent on England, and said, "I would have accompanied him in that business, for the people of that country are tired of their masters; and Napoleon is that kind of a man, sir," digging his fingers into his snuff-box, and raising to his nose an immoderate pinch, escaping, as he spoke, "that he makes every thing tell—yes, sir, he makes every thing tell!" His guest sat listening, and looking over the pamphlet, from which he quoted a passage that changed the conversation again. The philosopher was attentive, as if anxious for farther remark. "I believe, sir," resumed the visiter, "that the possibility of God's making a revelation of his will to mankind, has never been called in question; for it would be surely a most glaring absurdity to deny the exercise of Omnipotent power. And that such a revelation from Heaven has been the universal desire of all ages and nations, there is abundant evidence, with which a gentleman of your reading must be familiar. Many of the ancient sages publicly and frequently declared, that

it was but reasonable to expect, that the great Creator should interfere, to redeem men's souls from the dominion of error.' That such a revelation has been imparted in the Old and New Testaments, is susceptible of stronger proof, than the authenticity of any other writings extant. The records of national and domestic history have never detected a single fallacy in it—the discoveries of science have served only to throw light upon its pages: the most eminent critics have found no inconsistencies, save a few verbal errors of names and dates, which are doubtless owing to the carelessness of its transcribers, through the lapse of so many centuries; and what is more important, the more it is examined, the better it is found adapted to the wants and weaknesses of human nature. Its doctrines are rational—its precepts not only carry with them their own reward of public confidence and esteem, but open the most cheering prospects of felicity beyond the grave." "The morals of Christianity," replied the sage, "are certainly worthy of respect; but could they not have been discovered by the virtuous, without a revelation from Heaven?" To this, it was answered, "Mr. Paine will recollect the anecdote of Columbus

setting the egg on end, which any one could do after the manner was shown. So, the united wisdom of the world produced nothing equal to Christianity, until presented by revelation; which was so distinguished for simplicity, and so well adapted to the wants and circumstances of society, that it has been a subject of wonder, why it had not been sooner discovered. The best system of the ancient philosophers would now be considered highly barbarous, and injurious to mankind. Plato, Cicero, and Epictetus, not only practised, but commended the polytheism and idolatry of their forefathers. Some maintained that all crimes were equal; and others, the open indulgence of the most unnatural appetites: numbers sanctioned the perpetration of theft and adultery; while the immortality of the soul, and the existence of an after life, were openly denied and rejected." The philosopher manifested the same respectful attention as before, and evinced, by the fervour of his looks, the serious sentiments that were passing in his mind.

In examining Mr. Paine's pamphlet, my friend was powerfully arrested by the passage "I hope for happiness after this life:" and after reading

it aloud, quoted the correspondent lines from Shakspeare:—

“ I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.”

and again,

“ Be that thou hop’st to be !”

Rational hope, he continued, always supposes that the good which we earnestly desire, is practicable in attainment, implies the best use of the most efficient means to reach the object, but above all, an adaptation of the mind to its enjoyment. Every representation which has been given of a future state of happiness, whether by the ancient philosophers, or from what is considered to be revelation, is always connected with the greatest purity and excellence. And indeed, it must be so; for even in this life, the most virtuous, benevolent, and devoted minds, are the most happy. Every object of which we have any knowledge, finds its proper level,—and mind with kindred mind forms a natural association. It is no less philosophical than monitory, than, that ‘ without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.’ There must be a congruity between the mental character, and the object or situation to

be enjoyed; and hope sustained upon any other ground does not appear to be rational hope, so much as the unmeaning expectation of the presumptuous enthusiast." The author of the "Age of Reason," with his head upon his hand, sat anxiously regarding the speaker. "I perceive, sir," resumed my friend, "that this statement of the question forcibly impresses your mind. I have no doubt, sir, that you have deep and solemn reflections respecting your Maker, and the relation which you sustain to him. But permit me to ask you, sir, do you ever pray?" This was a question which he little expected, and it seemed to produce considerable excitement; but with a pleasant smile, he immediately replied, "I have views of prayer, sir, different from most of men. Prayer appears, to me, to be directing the Creator upon what business he should be engaged, what wants to supply, and what deficiencies to fill up; or, in other words, requesting the Almighty to alter his purposes. Now my views of God are, that he well knows what he is about, without any interference or dictation from me." All this was said rather in the manner of stating an objection, than expressing a conviction. After a momentary pause,

my friend observed, "Prayer appears, to me, a duty, sir, dependent on no religious system whatever. It is the voice of human nature in distress, or want, and is as impossible to be restrained as our sensibilities. The pages of history are without an example of a single nation believing in a Supreme Ruler, which was not familiar with sacrifices and prayers. As to altering the Divine purposes,—Mr. Paine well knows, that the beam of a balance is as much changed by taking out of one scale, as by putting into the other. The substitute for the life boat, of which we have just read, where a line is propelled over a wreck, that the sufferers may save their lives,—the question is, whether the wretched individuals, by seizing the rope, draw themselves to the shore, or the shore to themselves? Because safety is as much the consequence of the one, as if they were able to effect the other." The attentive sage gave a most significant look of approbation. "Thus, prayer, sir," resumed my friend, "is admirably adapted by the Author of our existence, to the exigency of our situation; and the change to be produced by it is upon ourselves, and not upon the Almighty. Experience has always tested that prayer persevered in reclaims the

mind from the dissipations of life, impresses the heart with a sense of its dependence—controls our passions, and corrects our errors—inclines to the cultivation of every virtuous disposition and duty,—bends us in submission to the dispensations of Providence, disclosing to the view a blissful immortality; and, in short, like the cord of which we were speaking, draws the whole man to a closer union with his Maker, in principles, dispositions, and conduct.” Mr. Paine appeared considerably affected by these remarks, frequently sighed, and looked upwards for some moments. “The mercy of God is great, sir,” observed Mr. Paine, “and his wisdom, that well knows what we are, is capable of applying it.” “True,” returned the other; “but the divine attributes are like so many rays of light, of equal lustre, shooting from the same centre, where one is not capable of dimming, or superseding the others.” “Repentance for our errors,” the philosopher said, “is sufficient—nothing more can be done; and the doctrine of atonement is a contradiction.” My friend remarked, “Now, sir, let us fairly consider this subject!” “You are a clergyman?” said Mr. Paine. “I am, sir,” replied my friend; “but before my Maker, I am

an honest man. I have turned my back on many flattering prospects, for the profession which I have adopted. My mind is laboriously in search of truth. I have read most of the deistical writers, and I have many of their works on my shelves: and my firm conviction is, that Christianity has nothing to suffer, but from superficial and partial investigation. If truth, that jewel truth, is to be found with you, sir, I will become a willing disciple, and zealously join you. Your views of repentance, however, are at variance with the universal consent of mankind; for all ages and nations have ever united with their contrition the most expensive and sanguinary sacrifices, to propitiate the gods: and no people were ever heard of, that confessed the sufficiency of repentance, without atonement; the one being an acknowledgment of wrong, that is, justice violated; the other, an attempt at reparation, or the acquirement of mercy. Atonement is purely an English word, and is remarkably expressive,—being more properly at-one-ment, or the agreement of principles previously discordant.” Mr. Paine smiled his assent at this etymology. “When we speak, sir,” the other continued, “of the character of man as wise, just, good, and the

like, they are mere appendages of his nature, which may, or may not, exist, without affecting the individual. But every attribute of the Divinity is illustrative of his existence; such as wisdom, justice, and mercy itself, &c., perfectly harmonizing and uniting with each other. Now you are aware, sir, that it is not in the nature of pure justice to remit, in the slightest degree, the crimes of the offender, otherwise it were not justice." "What!" exclaimed Mr. Paine, "do you mean to say, sir, that the mercy of God cannot pardon the offences of mankind?" "Sir," returned the visiter, "we must reason as philosophers, and not as the creatures of system or prejudice. I meant to say, that the existence of perfect justice and mercy, with regard to a culprit, is a philosophical contradiction: for, like the pole of a balance, in proportion as mercy is exalted, justice must relax; for every shade of departure from strict justice, must be so far a degree of injustice; and can we consider the Deity as partially unjust? It is well observed, that in 'human administration, the pardoning power, or the authority to commute or absolve from punishment, must be lodged somewhere; but this arises from the imperfect exercise of hu-

man justice; for, says Godwin, 'If justice has been done to condemn, what then is clemency but the mistaken tenderness of him who thinks to do better than justice, which is a contradiction?' But though these things are admitted in earthly governments, the weakness and imperfection of human systems cannot possibly apply to the Creator. How, then, Mr. Paine, can this at-one-ment be effected?" A pause ensued, but no reply; the philosopher seemingly lost in a contemplative gaze. "All nations," my friend resumed, "have answered this by their sanguinary sacrifices, and penitential rites: the doctrine of substitution has every where prevailed from the earliest times, and numerous have been the examples of self-devotion for the public benefit. The case of the siege of Calais, is familiar to every one; and more particularly the example of the famous Zaleucus, prince of the Locrians; in whom the right, will, and power to save his son, and sustain the purity of the laws united, but yet he hesitated not to make the offering, when the public interests were at stake. So, the ordinary business of suretyship, in which one becomes voluntarily bound for the demands of another, is a case where no rights of public

or private justice are violated; and this, I believe, is the simple amount of what is presented in the Christian scriptures. The sum of the argument is briefly this—either man is an offender, or he is not. If he be not, then error does not exist, and there is an end at once, to all law and justice. But if he be, he cannot be restored, unless suitable reparation be made to the violated attribute; such an one, in short, as Christianity proposes as a remedy to a guilty world. Depend upon it, sir, that reflection, in a mind unbiassed by system, or passion, will direct you to behold the consistency and excellence of the Christian revelation.”

During the conversation, several persons came into the room, with a loud “How do you do, Mr. Paine?” to whom he would either give a short answer, or an unwelcome glance of his eye; and after they had alternately gazed on him and my friend, they silently, but reluctantly, withdrew. Some of these persons were respectably dressed; but others were of the lowest dregs of society, and among them, several who had been inmates of the penitentiary. After they had gone, the visiter demanded of the philosopher, whether

he knew those men? "Know them?" he replied, rather crustily, "No; I dont know one in fifty of those who make these calls!" "No," returned my friend; "I presume that you do not know them, otherwise you would not permit it. Some of them, sir, are among the convicts of our city, and I am persuaded that they do not visit you from any respect, but simply to attach some consequence to themselves, by retailing the remarks which may escape you. Ah! there was a time, sir, when your society was sought for by the first and best of the land; but, unfortunately, your religious publications have inflicted much injury upon yourself as well as others. And many such men as have just visited you, doubtless, have been emboldened in dissolute habits, by the influence of those writings; for, sir, when the restraints of religion are dissolved, what is to be expected from the passions?"

Mr. Paine seemed wounded by these last remarks, and made some sarcastic observations upon the clergy; to which my friend observed, "Many of the clergy, it is to be regretted, have deserved your reprehension; but are there not numerous examples, where they are blessings as

well as ornaments to the community? To asperse the whole profession, because many have dishonoured it, is as unreasonable as to proscribe the mercantile department, because numbers have proved knaves, and unworthy of the public confidence. But bad as some of the sacred profession may have been, they would, probably, have been much worse, without the restraints of religion." My friend now rose to depart, and said, in a very friendly manner, "Sir, I have found you to be a very different person from what you have been represented. I was informed that you would order me from your room, and treat any one with rudeness who should accost you on serious subjects. You have received me with kindness; and I thank you for your attention." Mr. Paine inclined forward with a smile of pleasure. "But before we part," observed my friend, "allow me to suggest to you a few topics for reflection. Was it ever read, or heard of, sir, that any one was reclaimed from vicious principles or habits, by the instructions of deism? And, on the other hand, are there not numerous examples, of the most abandoned having become virtuous, through the influence of Christianity? Or reverse this, and inquire, how many good men, in conse-

quence of adopting deistical sentiments, have grown corrupt, and dangerous members of society! Surely, Mr. Paine, if the value of principle is to be tested by its results, that cannot be right, productive of such injury; and that, on the contrary, must be true which tends to enlighten and purify, as well as advance the best interests of human nature. I would beg leave to suggest another reflection. The instances are numerous, of those who, having boastingly professed deism, have pronounced upon their death beds the most bitter reproaches, and condemnation upon its principles. They have not only warned others against them, but they have used their best efforts to enjoy the hopes of the gospel, and have even partaken of the Christian sacrament, in token of their sincerity. But who, sir, has ever known of any Christian, in a similar situation, repenting and despairing of the mercy of God, for having embraced the sentiments of Christianity? Has not the system which he has espoused, grown more precious in his estimation, and has not his last testimony borne witness to the triumph and consolation which it inspires? Mr. Paine! Lord Herbert pronounces 'the Christian religion to be the best religion.' Mr. Tin-

dal declares that, 'Christianity, stripped of the additions which policy and superstition have made to it, is a most holy religion!' And to mention but one or two others, Lord Bolingbroke declares, 'No religion ever appeared in the world, whose natural tendency is so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind.' And Rousseau also observes, 'The majesty of the scriptures strikes me with admiration, and the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart.' I cannot but fervently wish, that he who has contributed so much to enlighten the world on the subject of civil liberty, may be led to add the same testimony by his sentiments and experience." My friend respectfully bade the philosopher adieu, who instantly calling him back, and stretching out his hand, said, "Sir,—sir, and will you not shake hands with me?" "Most cordially," returned the visiter; "and I leave you with my most fervent wishes for your happiness." "Come and visit me again," exclaimed Mr. Paine; "for I will be very glad to see you, and I wish you to come soon."

Thus terminated this desultory conversation, which lasted about two hours, and which, from

the interest indulged, fled away like moments. It was plain, that Mr. Paine was not a skeptic, from impartial and laborious examination; but from having, like many others, mingled with the unprincipled and depraved, whose lives were in perpetual enmity with the convictions of religion. Corrupt associates and habits are the fatal clouds which hide from the soul the light of the moral heavens; and until these be dispersed, it must walk for ever in darkness. It can be said alone of the gospel, that the more it is understood, the better it is appreciated: and there is little doubt, that had the author of "The Rights of Man," availed himself of the society of the virtuous and intelligent, and honestly directed his researches to the topics of revelation, he would have ranked among its brightest and most powerful defenders.

Mr. Paine, shortly after, removed his lodgings to a distant part of the city; and my friend informed me that he never saw him more; but the remembrance of the conversation has excited his regret that he never enjoyed a similar privilege; as he was persuaded that the philosopher's mind was open to conviction—that the visit had

not proved unprofitable; and that the strong invitation which he received arose from the transient ascendancy of conscience, over the slumbers of self-delusion. Thus, what benefits might often accrue from the serious conversation of the intelligent with the adversaries of religion; who, approached with kindness, rather than severity, might be often led to reflect upon the consequences of their skepticism. That venomous hostility, which sincerely, but imprudently vents forth anathemas, has done more in the promotion of infidelity than the most flagrant assaults of its writers, who are taught to suppose that bitterness is the strongest defence of scripture, whose only mode of triumph is to trample upon human reason. If ever reclaimed to duty, they must be drawn by the counsel and example of Christians. When all other means have failed, affectionate persuasion will melt down the heart, and like the magnetic influence, convert it into its own nature. Despised and neglected, the rejectors of revelation too often, on that account, are hardened in unbelief. Their principles have been corrupted:—their finest sensibilities, blunted;—and their chimerical anticipations of happiness, unrealized; but possibly, by pious counsel,

a chord of sympathy may be awakened, that had long slept in silence, which may stir them up to the perception of all their neglected duties; and like a warning voice from the grave, lead them to the kingdom of heaven. The accession of a single wanderer to the ranks of Christianity, will operate upon his companions more powerfully than language. He feels that he has awakened to a new world of moral light and beauty, and escaped the darkness and dangers in which reason once enveloped him. He frequents his former haunts—but they are no longer lovely—he sees poisonous serpents coiling about their path. He walks among his associates—but he seems among the dead; and if he ever speaks, it is only with tears and persuasions. He would give worlds to allure them to the narrow path he has chosen; but expostulations, as with him, have too often proved in vain. Soon he shares, with angels, the felicity and triumphs of heaven, from which, his voice, could it be heard, would exclaim to every deluded follower in error, “If thou hadst known, even thou, at least, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.”

THE PROVIDENTIAL RELEASE.

Beneath

'The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,
As was the eagle's nestling once within
Its mother's.

BYRON.

YES;—there must be a divine Guardian that superintends our concerns, that protects us from danger, ministers to us in affliction, and conducts us, on the wings of hope, to that haven of peace where our restless spirits would repose. By whom but this unseen agent were we preserved from the diseases and perils which threatened to nip the buds of infancy:—from the thoughtlessness, and ruinous labyrinths which perplexed the giddy footsteps of childhood—from the gilded temptations—the hollow promises—the false smiles, and withering attacks of the world? Are we more certain that the finger of chance has conducted us on our way? that our lives commenced and have continued without meaning, and

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that the grave is the termination of our present existence? But does not conscience give the lie to a doctrine so absurd? Is there not a regularity in the train of moral events which indicates design; and is there not an immortality that cries within us? If we imagine ourselves indebted to our own foresight or management, and to the feeble faculties and strength which belong to frail mortality, have there not been seasons when our wisest plans were baffled, and our best-directed exertions, palsied and mocked with derision? Have not innumerable circumstances transpired, independent of our agency or controul, thwarting our fondest wishes and anticipations, and leading us by new and unexpected results to the dearest objects of our pursuit? It is not in the hasty and feverish excitement of youth that we realize our insufficiency: reflection is too much bewildered and led astray by passion, and the mind too warmly clings to the enjoyment of the world, to enable us to pause and inquire how we are led along. It is when the heart has been schooled to the knowledge of its own weakness, and been stung by the disappointments and afflictions incident to the present state, that it begins to feel distrustful of its own powers and re-

sources. It is at the evening of a well-spent life, when the fancy has been sobered down by experience and reflection—when the world no longer seduces by its snares, or intoxicates by its pleasures, that we look back upon the scenes we have passed, and perceive how little is to be ascribed to ourselves, and how much to an overruling Power that has led us along the highway of existence.

They who derive no consolation in the belief of an overruling Providence deprive themselves of the sweetest enjoyments, and the dearest hopes which can possibly sustain humanity. What satisfaction is it, that we are wandering guideless through the world, without a superior Being to correct the errors, and remedy the weaknesses of human nature, and guard us from the innumerable attacks to which we are continually exposed? Who would not rather believe such a doctrine, though the creature of the imagination, than forfeit the consolation which it inspires? It fills us with ideas of the Divine government, which ought to be true to comport with the character of that God whose attributes are allowed to be perfect. He cannot be supremely benefi-

cent if he can overlook even the most trivial of human concerns, and abandon his poor, dependent creatures to their own unassisted powers. But what is there in the sentiment unworthy of our belief? Is it impossible, that the Being who made, should produce certain impressions upon mind and matter, and by means, now unfathomable, guide and sustain the spirits which he has sent into the world? It would be the foulest imputation upon the Divine character, that he has ceased to govern and protect his moral creation, and that he has left it exposed to the evils which casualty or ignorance may inflict. If it be no derogation to the dignity of Jehovah, to create a feeble mite with the numerous organs adapted to its nature, should its preservation be considered less worthy of his attention? If the creation of man, with faculties not dissimilar to an angel, be honourable to the Creator, is it less befitting his wisdom to guide him through the shoals and quicksands of mortality, until he reach his final resting-place beyond "the valley of the shadow of death?"

It is objected, that we perceive no external connexion between the spiritual and visible world:

that we see no angelic messengers hovering near us : that we hear no divine footsteps approaching to our aid. It is very true ; for how can flesh and blood comprehend, with material senses, the silent and inexplicable communion of disembodied spirits ? But do we not feel their effects ? The air breathes upon the parched frame, and communicates, though unseen, the most delightful sensations : the magnet points to its beloved North, but the agent that moves it is invisible : and is not a moral effect, issuing from a combination of causes, over which man has no controul, as certain an argument of a superintending power, as if that power were visible to the senses ? If we judge, in the one case, by the force of the result, then surely it ought to operate as irresistibly with the other. I have always thought that there is a dark veil drawn over the natural senses, which clouds and renders indistinct our perceptions of an after life ; and it may be, by the partial removal of this, that the soul occasionally enjoys bright conceptions of eternity. Some faculties too may be thus buried in darkness, for a season, until our connexion with this world dissolves ; for here we might not understand the sublimity of spiritual communica-

tions, nor might it be profitable to investigate topics that concern merely a future state.

But although continually indebted to the protecting Providence of Heaven, how prone are we to dwell upon the evils of human life, which occasionally darken it like summer clouds, which purify the air and enrich the soil which they overshadow : but of the numerous preservations and blessings we have experienced, how few are stamped upon the memory after the heart is crowned with satiety ; after the pulse of anticipation has ceased to beat, and the first vows of gratitude have been registered on high ! Is it because the mind is more pleased with the contemplation of misery, than of the mercies which gladden the wilderness of life ? or is it not rather owing to the prodigality of the Divine bounty,—to our being satiated with the fulness of our enjoyments, and to the comparative infrequency of adverse circumstances, which seem, on that account, like so many mountain summits known only by their desolation, while all around, gay with Nature's richest livery, passes unheeded from the view ? But place the individual in a sphere where his privileges are contracted, his anticipations

thwarted, and where tears are his only solace, it is then that the memory of happier days rushes upon the heart, like the strains of midnight music: the sufferer recollects the bounties of that Providence which had long been buried in forgetfulness:—he looks forward to happier days, and feeling humbly dependent upon the guidance of his Maker, longs to breathe forth his gratitude in pious and acceptable services.

A belief in an overruling Providence not only results from the testimony of scripture, but the deductions of our own experience. It is not when the cup of our prosperity is filled to the brim, that we are enabled to realize the consolations of the doctrine. When the tide of our worldly affairs flows on calmly and unimpeded—when our countenances are flushed with the bloom of health, and when the voice of friendship is heard responding to our own; when the garden of our domestic comforts is unassailed by storms, and we behold no choice tree or plant levelled unexpectedly to the ground, we forget the Divine hand that conducts us on our journey, and mistakenly ascribe to ourselves all the merits of our store. But let the tempest of adversity

and affliction arise; let the winds of disease and dissolution beat upon our little bark, and wrest from us the objects on which we had fastened our hearts, then we realize our folly, we awaken to a sense of our dependence upon Jehovah, and we are softened into compliance with our darkest dispensations.

I remember an adventure which occurred, during the continental war, to an American soldier at Saratoga, which, trivial as it may seem, illustrates in some degree the sentiments which have been advanced. To imagine that to be trifling which does not comport with our ideas of importance, is irrational in the extreme; as events we deemed of little moment, repeatedly eventuate in our highest interests; while frequently those that appeared momentous in their results, are the sources only of vexation and disappointment. The soldier, to whom I refer, was attached to the army of the brave General Gates; and like many others, had been compelled to leave his family alone, in a log cabin in the woods, exposed to the ravages of those foraging parties that were scouring the country every moment, and only dependent upon a slender supply of provisions,

which, previous to his departure, had been procured. It was dead midnight when the father was aroused from his bed, by the tapping of a drum from without, to prepare to join his countrymen in defending his native land. All the feelings of a father were awakened within him, when he remembered that he had to leave behind him a tender wife, dear to him as life, and four little children, who were locked asleep in each others arms. There was no alternative but to obey the call of his country; so, without suffering himself to be governed by the impulse of his feelings, and having made those slight preparations which the pressure of the occasion allowed, he took an affectionate farewell of his wife, and joined the anxious party, who were waiting to escort him to the scene of action. How wisely is it ordered, that weak and helpless woman should be endowed with powers of mind frequently superior to those of the other sex; intended, no doubt, to bear up hardier manhood in hours of peril and despondency, when nothing but the sunshine of her fortitude can alleviate and soothe the dangers and trials which beset him. Thus the vine, which clasps the towering oak, and fastens its tendrils securely upon some neighbouring rock.

defends the former from the violence of the tempest; or should the tree fall a victim to the ground, the vine leaves not its beloved partner to bear the ruin alone, but yields up its own branches and leaves, seems to mourn over the other in refusing to relax its hold, and silently withers away, as if unable to remedy its loss. Thus a good wife is often the instrument of sustaining the husband in his adverse hours; and though the weaker vessel, often bears him up in storms for which he is disqualified alone, and is willing to fall a sacrifice to the same calamity which weighs down her consort's heart. Thus it was with our poor soldier; he had been supported under the shock by the fortitude of his wife: he felt that he had left all his world at home; but he hoped that the same Providence which removed, would speedily restore him to his family.

They arrived at the American camp early on the following day. The army was busily engaged in preparation for battle, since it was confidently believed that Burgoyne's army would make a sudden attack, as the proximity of the British troops, and the skirmishes which had taken place several days previous. kept the Americans in

constant excitement. The fears of a battle so natural to a novice, and even sometimes to those familiar with its bloodshed, are always known to evaporate during the agitations of the contest; so that those who trembled a few moments before, at the apprehension of danger, become armed with extraordinary prowess. There is also a hectic excitement kept up by the notes of martial music, the roaring of the cannon, and the rushing of the multitude, which prevents the mind from meditating on its situation, and hurries it along with the current of passing events, so that it has no leisure to dwell upon itself, but seeks rather to take a part in the giddy, tumultuous scene. This our hero felt when he saw the English army pouring upon his own regiment, in the morning, and perceived that he was contending with Indians, who were united in the service of the British. He fought as courageously as any man in the ranks; nor did he once dream of his defenceless family at home: his usurping sensation was victory over the enemy, and the rescue of his country from foreign usurpation. In the heat of action, his own company had, by some means, broken off from the main line; and in this situation they came in close contact with a body

of Indians, who, superior in numbers and address, caused them to retreat still farther, until, by degrees, they were completely entangled in a wood, where they endeavoured to take refuge from their savage pursuers. Enveloped in thick dust and smoke, they scarcely perceived their danger before it was too late to avoid it; and they found that they must either fly, or try to save their lives by secretion behind the trees. But whoever is acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare, must be aware of their perilous situation. Our unfortunate soldier was one of the number; and being totally unused to the hazards of war, felt, for the moment, as if his last hour had come, and deliverance was altogether impossible. But how seldom are we aware of the nature of our situation! we often imagine ourselves in the most imminent perils, when the hand of Providence is opening to befriend us; and we as frequently view that as the instrument of our relief which tends to plunge us into the evils which we are so desirous of escaping! The truth is, we never know when we are really in danger, nor when the Divine hand is interfering in our behalf; so that it always becomes us, while depending on celestial aid, never to despair, but to use every means in

our power to remedy our condition. While thus terribly encompassed, our soldier made a precipitate retreat farther within the intricacies of the forest; and, favoured by the noise and smoke, he penetrated, he thought, sufficiently far to evade the scrutiny and capture of the enemy. But the report of a gun near him, and the sound of a multitude of feet, urged him to procure transient shelter within the recess of a darker grove, and prepare himself for the issue. Now he had a slight opportunity to re-collect his scattered thoughts, and contemplate on what a slender thread his destiny was suspended. The roar of the adjacent cannon fearfully resounded from the sides of the hills, allowing no interval for the ear to listen to their dying cadences—the shrill and deafening tones of martial music, borne aloft upon the wind, with occasional guttural murmurs, that resembled cries of human distress, kept the mind alive with overwhelming sensations. The soldier now thought of himself—then of his wife and children, whom he had left the night before.—He seemed like one labouring under the influence of a horrible dream, and had not the power of awakening and shaking off the delusion. He already heard the cry of battle

approaching around his enclosure, and he feared to raise the impending branches to inform himself of what was passing. The discharge of a shower of muskets against the grove where he was concealed, aroused him from his stupor, and forced him to plunge deeper, if possible, within the shades of the forest, and seek some avenue to a safer asylum. He succeeded in extricating himself from the thickets; but what was his dismay in retreating, to observe several fierce Indians making hastily towards him, and threatening, by their gestures and shrieks, to sacrifice him to their revenge. Fear, for the instant, lent him the fleetness of a deer, and he was conscious of leaving behind him trees, rocks, and stubble; at one time wounding his feet by the thorns which grew along the ground; at another, being impeded by the wildering bushes and briars, which entangled the course he was pursuing. He sometimes heard the trample of his hunters—then he listened to the rattle of their war instruments,—then almost to their breathings, and looking behind, he actually saw one of their hatchets raised, and felt as if it was already lodged within his temples. A tall, mis-shapen rock suddenly diverted the progress of the fugitive; and catching at a

vine branch which hung down its side, he gained an instant footing upon the opposite cleft, which shelved down a steep hill into a gloomy valley, that hardly admitted the least glimpse of day. The rock upon which he sprung was one of those singular excavations which nature has so frequently produced, doubtless, by some of those physical convulsions which have rent the fairest portions of our globe. It contained within it a hollow passage that seemed to wind around the sides of a hill, and was completely hidden from observation by the immense forest trees above it, and the innumerable boughs of bush foliage and vines, which involved the devious cleft in its shadow. Into this seasonable cavity our hunted veteran sought refuge from the attacks of his brethren of the forest: he laid quietly down beneath an overshadowing vine, which seemed to hover over him as a watchful sentinel, preparing to ward off every danger. He listened only to hollow moanings of the wind, rushing through the high projecting rocks, and now and then, the faint murmurs of the battle which was raging so fiercely behind. No sound of either human voice or footstep was heard. He began to think that the Indians had abandoned their prey, and that

they had returned to rejoin the contest in the field. Thus we often fancy ourselves secure, when danger most imminently threatens us; and it is rarely, until we are startled by the thunderbolt, that we are alive to the perils of the storm. He was nearly closing his eyes with fatigue, when he spied several of his enemies climbing the rocky enclosure, and gazing anxiously around in search of their victim. They soon discovered him in the gloom of his concealment, and they rushed eagerly to secure their prey. But as swift as lightning he slipped through the hollow rock, and alighted unhurt upon the valley beneath. He fled down the hill through the thickest of the forest, and still heard the warwhoop of the bloodhounds crying terribly from behind. He began to fear that escape was impossible. He had placed too much dependence hitherto in his own unaided efforts, and too little in the protection of an overruling Providence; and, now that he began to despair of his own resources, he cried aloud to Heaven, in the anguish of his spirit, invoking its aid in behalf of his defenceless situation. He who knows our wants, only requires our prayers to make us sensible of our dependence; and before he extends the blessing, desires

that the heart be first prepared for its reception. Having followed the valley that was washed by a brawling streamlet, he crossed a thicker labyrinth of trees, and here stood still to ascertain whether his enemies were near. The shrill cry of the whippoorwill, and the hoarse croaking of the frogs, were all the sounds that he heard; and nothing appeared in view but the dim forest scenery. He was entirely defenceless; for his musket he had been compelled to throw away to assist him in his flight; and he was wearied out by anxiety and fatigue. The dread of meeting the Indians, whom he fancied he beheld in the wavings of every branch, urged him to move on; but it was dejectedly and slowly; and he fainted at the idea of perishing in the desert, without the succour of a single friend. He was in one of those forests which sweep many miles in extent, without the possibility of finding an inhabitant. He had no charter or compass to direct his course:—night was coming on, and the small portion of the heavens which met the eye was gradually sinking into the same obscurity as the forest. The roar of the panther and the bear, added to the cry of other innumerable creatures, diverted the soldier's fears into a dif-

ferent channel. He concluded that he had been driven here by the Indians, merely to be devoured by wild beasts; and his fears inspiring him with renewed caution, he began to look around for shelter for the night. It is singular, how one fear is often removed by the apprehension of another, and what slender hopes can minister support to the exhausted and anguished mind. There is something too insupportable in the thought of being entirely alone, exposed to evils out of the call of a single living creature, and far from those dear friends who are wont to alleviate our sorrows. But we should always remember that there is a divine Shepherd who "never slumbers or sleeps;" who always delivers in his own good time, and renders the means, which others would deem destructive, instrumental in raising us from our depression. He carries us through various dangers, and, after he has exhausted all our stock of resources, he places us on the pinnacle of destruction, only to manifest his power in saving us, and compel us to ascribe all the praise to that Supreme Hand which has led us safely in despite of ourselves.

Persuaded that his enemies must have aban-

done their search, he came to a broad, stumpy tree, whose branches appeared to have been long broken off by age; and from the moss and vegetation which lined the side, he concluded to find at the top the safety and repose he was in quest of. To ascend it was but the work of a moment, for the perforations in the bark, and the vine branches around the tree, enabled our hero to gain a secure footing. Here, with nothing in sight but the stars, and surrounded by the green curtains of leaves afforded by the neighbouring trees, he threw himself upon a narrow mossy cavity, carved alone by the chisel of time; and here he felt that he could sleep securely from the apprehension of either Indians or wild beasts. The whole forest was now alive with the howl of its various animals. Sometimes they were heard distinctly approaching the tree, and bellowing at the bottom as if desirous of their victim:—at others, they would congregate in herds, and cause the woods to tremble under the awfulness of the sound: once he heard something apparently mounting to his asylum—then the sound died away, and he thought he listened to the echo of human footsteps. But remembering again the preservations of the past

day, and the almighty Being to whom he must have been indebted, he sunk into a sweet and undisturbed repose. How long he slept he was unconscious; but the first sensation he experienced was that of falling; and waking gradually from slumber, he found himself sliding through a deep aperture, from which he found it impossible to emerge. For the moment, he apprehended that he was labouring under a horrible dream, and made every exertion to shake off the oppressive phantom; but, still feeling himself sinking lower and lower, he concluded that he was falling through the cavity of the hollow trunk; but whether he should alight upon a den of adders, or wild beasts, was the next question that wakened his alarm. His heart almost sunk within him, when his foot encountered something like an animal, apparently asleep, and little expecting the approach of a human visiter at so unseasonable an hour. He vainly endeavoured to scale the hollow rampart which had become smooth, no doubt, by the continual passage of some animal through it. It was impossible to remain where he was, but descend he must, were his life dependent on the issue. It must have been verging towards morning—he could not have

slept more than two or three hours; and whatever dangers he was to meet, were to be grappled with in solitary darkness. He thought of the Indians who had hunted him through the day; but that was trifling, compared with his present situation. He had then the light of heaven, and his own liberty to protect him; but now he was a manacled prisoner, and liable to fall into the very jaws of death, which were probably opening to receive him. He wished himself a thousand times back again in the forest; and would have preferred being enslaved by the Indians, than doomed to the horrors of so agonizing a death. Having reached the ground, he felt several animals moving about him; and, examining them with his hands, he was convinced that they were young cubs, and that he must have fallen into a bear's den. His next anxiety was to ascertain whether the old bear was there; for, in that case, his destruction was unavoidable.

Groping about the place, he discovered to his joy that the parent bear was absent, and was, no doubt, prowling abroad for sustenance through the regions of the forest. Renewed courage

animated his heart ; for there was one ray of hope to dispel the darkness which preyed upon his spirits. The bear in descending her den always enters in a retrograde position, being always fearful of a surprise ; and in that case, is better capable of retreating from the danger. It was on this pivot of safety that the hopes of our soldier rested ; for, unless his anticipations were realized, there was no other alternative than to perish. Hope is the last principle that forsakes the human heart. There is no condition, however miserable, that has not a solace : there is no moral wound, however deadly, but has its medicine to heal it. There can be no stronger proof of a Providence, than the fact that the mind is always cheered in the darkest of its calamities, by the expectation of deliverance :—it for ever awaits another morrow's sun, more brilliant than the present ; and views the clouds of the present hour vanishing in the bright heaven of approaching enjoyment. Who can otherwise than feel grateful to Heaven which places us in a world where even adversity is made the medium of preparing us for a better, and which reconciles us to sorrow by feasting us with rainbow visions of hope.

“ Cherish hope ! and though life by affliction be shaded ;
 Still his ray shall shine lovely and gild the scene o’er,
 Like the dew-drop that glistens the leaves when they’re
 faded,
 As bright and as clear, as they glisten’d before.”

Our soldier awaited the return of the bear, with his eyes directed to the stars, which brilliantly sparkled upon him from the narrow mouth of his cavern, which seemed to him an impassable gulph. An hour, at farthest, he knew must decide his fate ; but he was now convinced that He who preserved him from the Indians was as capable of rescuing him from the paw of the bear ; and in Him he supremely relied for deliverance from his prison. While intently regarding the entrance of his sepulchre, he heard around the tree the growling of the bear, and, at the same instant, her endeavours to climb the tree. He was soon conscious of her gaining the top, and entering the cavity, by the sudden intermission of light from above : now his fears began to return, —his heart beat with unusual violence, as he heard her slowly descending, and even preparing, perhaps, to sacrifice him to her hunger. But the hour had come when that Being, who had permitted him to fall into danger, interposed his

arm in the suspension of his sufferings. Feeling himself endowed with super-human courage, he watched his opportunity, when Bruin came within a reaching distance, to grasp her by the hinder legs, and in this situation he was rapidly drawn up by the terrified bear from his dismal dungeon. When arriving at the top, the unfortunate animal sprung from it with all her might, and being merely stunned by the fall, gave our soldier sufficient time to escape from his dangers, and enjoy with his family, whom he shortly found, the gratulations of his "Providential Release."

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

Know ye the Indian warrior race?
How the light form springs in strength of grace!
Like the pine on their native mountain side,
That will not bow in its death-like pride.—SANDS.

If eloquence be the communication of our sentiments and feelings to the minds and sensibilities of others, then that which is least fettered by art, and is most congenial with the simplicity of nature, produces the most powerful and lasting impression. It is for this reason that the most celebrated orators seldom excite any other sensation than a transient admiration of their abilities, while the hearers go away with their judgments uninformed, and their hearts unimpressed by the opinions which they have heard advanced. There are numerous instances, on the contrary, of individuals who, without previous culture, or devotion of their talents, can rise at a moment's warning, and address a large

auditory with energy and effect; who can sway the ruling passions of the multitude by the magic influence of their eloquence; who can make the guilty tremble under the darkness of their frown, and fire to the noblest and holiest deeds, by the winning smiles of persuasion. This is really the eloquence of nature, which is seldom acquired by study; for there is something too stiff and laboured in the pupilage of art, which finds no access to the affections, being altogether confined to externals, and too much occupied with rules to converse freely in the glowing language that flows irresistibly from the heart. Though discipline may correct false habits, and eradicate erroneous principles which we have carelessly imbibed, it can never impart to the mind the power of true eloquence, which must always germinate from the treasures of the intellect, and must principally depend on two important faculties—intelligence and sensibility. By intelligence is to be understood, the power of clearly comprehending and unfolding the various topics within the sphere of our inquiry: and by sensibility, that impassioned tone of the feelings which always inspires our words, when we would evidence our sincerity, and manifest how

deeply we are concerned in the truth of what we declare. In this sense every one may be eloquent who possesses a clear and comprehensive mind, and feels strongly and tenderly the sentiments he describes. It is for this reason that no one can be so whose ideas flow not lucidly and freely; and who is not warmly affected by the grandeur of his subject. They who think deeply, and powerfully, and who are most easily moved to tears, are always the most effective speakers; and they are those who always carry the sway in the pulpit, the senate, and the bar. Although reason and good sense often exercise authority over the decision of the judgment, yet it is their co-operation with the affections that renders the victory complete, and binds the hearer in willing chains. An eloquent public speaker cannot be more fitly represented than by the sun. Were light the only effect produced by this luminary, the physical world would freeze up and perish: but it also imparts the influence of heat, which animates and matures animal and vegetable life, and enables the objects thus enlightened to feel sensible of its effects. So intellectual light requires the aid of sensibility to call its dormant powers into operation, and

impart that vital unction and fire, which can only enstamp its influence upon the soul. It is on this account that savages have been distinguished for remarkable traits of eloquence, although they have never studied it as a science, being inspired solely by the ebullitions of the moment, and the importance of the subject alone. We must remember that circumstances of little moment to us, strike them by their novelty with far greater force ; and the violent passions which excite them give a tone to their ideas which would otherwise be lost. Without a copious language, and unable to illustrate their thoughts by those innumerable aids afforded by civilization, they are compelled to make use of those bold, natural symbols which meet their eye, and which cannot but awaken the interest of the speaker. Whenever a mind is observed among them of more than ordinary strength, and with an imagination more than usually enkindled, it boldly depends on the strength of its own resources, examines and compares the topics within the range of its observation with eagle-eyed precision, and gives vent to its convictions in the loftiest and most energetic strains of which its powers and feelings are susceptible. They

who have listened to the speeches of some of our American Indians can form some conception of what natural intelligence and sensibility can effect, even when unassisted by the rules of art. They who have suffered most, and are still bleeding under the wounds of sorrow, are always the most impressive and eloquent; and when to this is joined a comprehensive mind, capable of examining and analyzing consequences, the individual rises to the highest grade of the art. It is because our American Indians have endured so many unredressed wrongs, and have felt themselves outcasts from their own ancient domicile, that they can never see the face of a white man, or think of their former privileges, without being aroused to the highest indignation, and feeling all their faculties and passions on fire. Who can wonder, then, if the most highly gifted of their nation give vent to the torrent of their enthusiasm, and astonish and melt the hearts of those to whom they communicate their wrongs? Having been, in a great measure, wanderers for many ages past, and exposed to the incursions of so many foes, they have been endowed by the God of nature with singular tact and cunning, by which they

often ward off the threatened danger, and silence and defeat the machinations of their enemies. Keen in stratagem, and prompt in repartee, they have often occasioned considerable amusement in their councils; and extorted confessions from their adversaries of their superior address and talents.

Through the politeness of a learned President of one of our western colleges, I am enabled to illustrate these remarks, by an instance of Indian eloquence, distinguished by all the playfulness of wit, and the bitterness of sarcasm. The Rev. Joshua Badger, an aged man still living in Ohio, was a missionary, about twenty years ago, among the Wyandot Indians; and, during that time, took considerable pains in rescuing from oblivion numerous traditionary facts in reference to that tribe. Among those deserving of a first rank in his catalogue, the following circumstance is not unworthy of preservation.

About two centuries ago, the Senecas made destructive inroads upon the Wyandots, around Sandusky, and expelled them from their territory. The latter, with their fleet of canoes, moved

along the north side of Lake Erie, towards Long Point, and there concealed themselves, intending, no doubt, to settle in that region. Having sent out spies to ascertain whether the Senecas were disposed to molest them, they discovered that the enemy was secretly fitting out for a water expedition, to start from Buffalo creek, and preparing to fall upon them unawares, and sacrifice them on the altar of their revenge. Having been informed, by their scouts, of the designs which were in agitation, the Wyandots made preparations to meet them. The movements of the Senecas were closely watched; sentinels were on the alert to communicate every intelligence; the women and children were conveyed to a place of safety, and the warriors already felt themselves engaged in battle, and occupied the interval of expectation in mock encounters with one another.

Elated by the sure prospect of success, and already counting the spoils and scalps of their enemies, the Senecas advanced intrepidly forward, hardly supposing it necessary to study caution with those who they presumed little dreamed of their approach. The sun was about setting

on the lake ; and the golden floods of light which he poured upon the calm waters and heavens, seemed to lead them on to a glorious victory. They already heard the band of their departed warriors urging them to bloodshed, and whispering in their ears the triumphs of their success. "When that sun shall rise again," exclaimed their indignant chieftain, "Wyandot shall be no more; he shall no more raise his hatchet to bury it in my tribe—he shall have gone out in darkness, like that great light which is even now hidden from my sight." As soon as the Senecas had advanced to a favourable position, where they might hurl upon their enemies the thunderbolt of ruin, unexpected showers of arrows assailed them from all quarters: hundreds of them fell lifeless into the lake, while their mighty chief, towering as the sons of Anak, was numbered with the dead, and precipitated into the waters below. What could be done? It was manifest that the Great Spirit was the friend of the Wyandots, and that the wrongs which they had received from the Senecas, were only to be indemnified by their blood. The vanquished submitted to the Wyandots, consented to bury the hatchet, brighten the chain of friendship, and

associate as brethren on the friendliest and most intimate terms.

To these propositions the Wyandots acceded. The Senecas then proposed that they should all unite in partaking of a feast, to be mingled with songs of joy usual on such occasions, as demonstrative of the mutual friendship subsisting between them. Accordingly, upon the appointed day, both nations feasted with great glee upon the venison and game which had been abundantly provided; and smoked and exchanged the calumet of peace in ratification of the treaty. The latter is always preserved to be lighted up in councils, whenever any thing occurs relative to the ally, and each member then smokes it to remind the other of his covenant. Belts of wampum and other warlike valuables were also given and received. The principal belt was white, with two black streaks down the sides, and black spots on each end, by which both nations were denoted. Having a white streak in the middle, it was said to signify that the road between them was cleared of all incumbrances; and that every hindrance was now removed to make way for perfect harmony. They then drank Cussene

with many singular invocations, calling on the name of Ye-Ho-Wah! Waving large fans of eagles' tails, and keeping time with the rattling of a hollow gourd, they spent much time in dancing, and singing their national war songs. The Senecas then recounted the praises of their ancestors, whom they commended in the loudest strains for their martial achievements and valour. They were a nation of warriors, they said, celebrated in song from time immemorial—being thunderbolts in war, but in peace, lambs. They were like the summer storm, that causes the harvest to bow under its stroke:—and again, they were compared to the lightning of heaven, that consumes whatever comes in its way. They also celebrated the virtues of the Wyandots, representing them only as extraordinary hunters, famed far and wide for taking various sorts of game, and particularly the Beaver: but while they highly extolled them for their skill in hunting this animal, they cuttingly described them as no warriors, being merely distinguished for their endowments in the chase. The Wyandots bore the insult with considerable patience. They felt the injustice of the alligation, and, resolving not to be outdone by the boldness of their allies,

meditated upon a reply:—the blood boiled in their veins, and they longed to give vent to their indignation.

After the Seneca warriors had finished their speech at the expense of the unfortunate Wyandots, a dead silence of several minutes succeeded. But it was evident, from the features of the latter, that a violent storm was gathering. At length, a very aged and infirm Wyandot, apparently more than five-score years, arose. A few scattered hairs of silver lighted up his dark forehead,—the fire of valour was still burning on his cheek, but it was almost extinguished by the frosts of age: his eye was still enkindled by the glory of former days, but its unnatural twinkling gave evidence of its speedy extinction. His hollow voice, when he spoke, resembled the dying murmurs of the storm, when it faintly sweeps over the lake; and like the withered oak on his own mountains, whose verdant boughs had long since decayed, he fearlessly stood up to face the blast. Rising, like the last of his race, from the verge of the tomb, in vindication of his tribe, he was gazed at by every eye; for there was something celestial in his aspect that com-

manded admiration and respect. Who can refrain from honouring the presence of venerable age? When its lips are the gates of wisdom, and its brow the depository of virtue, it claims the homage of princes, and the incense of the best affections of the heart. It is the living monument that records the preservation of the Divine hand! It is the ancient temple of the Holy Spirit, which is falling into ruins for a while: and they who can look coldly upon this monument of heaven, without being instructed in a Providence—they who can watch this temple of divine grace falling to ruins, and shed no tears over their own mortality, are bereft of sensibilities as sublime in their nature as they are honourable and ennobling to their possessors.

Having heard his nation satirised, the aged warrior said that he felt as if he would sing one more song at a feast, which was probably the last which he should ever attend. He requested some of the young men to conduct him to a tree, with his war-club in his hand, which was immediately complied with. All eyes were fastened on him. He commenced smiting the tree with

his war-club in true Indian style, and thus rehearsed his sentiments.

“Brother Senecas! Not many years ago, the Great Spirit caused you to spring from a large mountain, at the head of the Gerundewagh lake. There you received your birth, and offered up your prayers. You assembled there perpetually in council, to hold your long talks, and you destroyed a monstrous serpent which had coiled around your nation, threatening to destroy it; but the Great Spirit empowered you to come off conquerors. Then you flourished powerful and numerous as the waves of yonder mighty lake, until all the land was covered by the darkness of your shadow. Your voice was thunder to the ears of all the Indians—your eye was lightning, consuming all within its glance; and your hand grasped all that came within its reach, until it became so full that it overflowed. There was no battle in which your warwhoop was not the loudest; and when your victorious songs did not fall upon the ear. Brother Senecas! you are truly a noble race of warriors, and the whole world cannot resist your sway. But remember, brothers, you are no hunters. The Great Spirit

has only made you great and mighty in battle, but has not given you the power of ferreting out the panther to his den, or stripping the bear and the deer of their skins: you cannot follow the steps of the crafty beaver, nor triumph, by your sagacity, over his means of escape. No; the Great Father has withheld from you this privilege, and you ought therefore to be content.

Brother Senecas! We have also come from a far country, and have extended our settlement along the southern shore of Lake Erie even to Sandusky bay. We have been driven like wild beasts from the forests that once shaded us, and the game that nurtured our families; and even here we have been driven to paths which our fathers never knew, and to wigwams which our children have erected. Brothers, we confess that the Great Spirit never destined us for warriors, else we should have never left our former home; but we are gratefully contented with the simplicity of our habits, and enjoy no better pastime than the exercise of the chase. Why should we murmur if the Great Father has designed us to become great hunters, and make us skilful in the chase? Why should we repine at our lot?

We are, it is true, renowned hunters of the beaver: you were right in saying so. It is our occupation and our glory, why should you complain of our allotment?

But brothers, we have not come here to boast of our skill as hunters, but to prove it to your satisfaction. We have been engaged a long time in discovering and destroying a whole colony of beavers, who attacked our habitations, and threatened to extirpate our whole tribe by their insidious stratagems. At first they were too many and powerful; but we attacked them resolutely until we were compelled to seek a temporary flight, and regain time for a new assault. We were not idle—we ascertained that the beavers were preparing to come down upon us, and we laid quietly, ready in our coverts. One evening, while the lake was reflecting the smile of the Great Spirit, we heard the footsteps of the beavers cautiously entering our thickets. We flew upon them like brave hunters experienced in all their wiles, and with the velocity of a thunderbolt, we surprised—we tomahawked—we drowned them in the lake. In the midst of the carnage, the old king beaver made his appearance. His

size and strength were prodigious; his exertions and rage were like an impeded cataract. But he fell under the weight of our arrows, and thanks to the Great Spirit, all the other beavers who escaped the carnage acknowledged themselves fairly beaten. Thus, brothers, you perceive that we are no warriors, but only good hunters of the beaver; and that we have been indebted for our safety to the latter endowment alone. You must feel too the force of the confession of our Seneca brothers, that they are no hunters, but merely distinguished warriors. I have done."

The sarcasm of the old Wyandot was severely felt by the Senecas, who hung down their heads, said nothing more of their warlike deeds, but confessed the skill of the Wyandots in hunting the beaver.

DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER.

I see, the jewel best enamell'd
Will lose his beauty ; and though gold bides gold still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold ; and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

SHAKESPEARE.

SAY what we will,—there is no wound so deadly as that which calumny inflicts: there is no curse more bitter than that which rests upon the defamer of innocence. Other evils we may avoid. We may guard against the assaults of the mid-night assassin who steals into our chamber; defy the blackest revenge of the enemy; and even escape the breath of the most contagious disorder: but who can fly from a “pestilence that walketh in darkness,” or avoid falling into a gulf, whose mouth is hidden with poisonous flowers? Go where we may, the voice of detraction will reach us. It will disturb the peaceful

privacy of our solitude: it will ring after us in a crowded city, in the hisses of a thousand tongues. The purest and most illustrious that ever lived, have felt the persecutions of this insatiate archer, and no mortal breathing can escape its malevolent frown. The truth is, the principle of envy, which excites all to tower beyond the condition of their neighbours, renders them blind to their own, but eagle-eyed to the faults and infirmities of others. In proportion to the strength of this principle will be the degree of inveteracy indulged. The jaundiced eye will clothe every thing it sees in the same gloomy complexion; and the envious mind will rather dwell upon the darkest, than the brightest qualities of mind. What matters it to such an one, that another is more abundantly blest, and more conspicuously shares the bounties of Heaven? His selfishness is stung by the reflection, that whatever the one has gained is lost to himself; and jealous of his own inferiority, he would madly annihilate every blessing but his own, and almost blot the sun from its sphere, because it shines brighter upon his neighbour's habitation. Such minds as this may be said to have been created rather from granite than from human clay: the sting of wasps

is upon their lips; the venom of adders rankles in their hearts; and the malice of tigers actuates their conduct. It is by such scorpions as these, that men of feeling and sensibility are most keenly stung. Their sentiments are too delicate to abide the fury of the storm; and they weakly fall, like unprotected vines, before the slanderer's assaults. But "does an eagle stoop at a wren? Is the skin of a leopard pierced with the diminutive proboscis of a gnat? and shall a man, conscious of infirmity, yet unconscious of premeditated wrong, permit a moth to rob him of his birth-right; or the wing of a caterpillar, to whom the leaf of a plant is an empire,—to screen him from the splendour of a summer's day?—He who permits a calumniator to conquer his mind, deserves to be conquered."

Defamation of character may be traced to either of the following sources: namely, invention, malice, idleness and loquacity.

They who can invent a lie to injure another's fame, are the basest and most execrable of wretches. But it is the only resort, where nothing can be found as a subject of reproach, and

where nothing else can mortify and depress the proscribed object. Carrying their teeth, like the trout, upon their tongue, they will trample upon innocence, and sacrifice even heaven itself to the baseness of their revenge. It was the opinion of Pythagoras, that the minds of slanderers were serpents, in a pre-existent state, and would in all probability become scorpions after death : but would he not have given double virulence to inventors of falsehood, and have plunged in a more fearful punishment those who could so wantonly and wickedly defame the characters of their fellow-men? It is by infernals, like these, that the best of men are so virulently attacked ; that crimes are laid to their charge, of which they never dreamed, and that occasion is given to the enemies of religion to triumph in their villany. But let them go to the fountain whence the stream of detraction flowed—let them raise the veil which unmasks the perfidy, the baseness, and the perjury which gave being to the lie : let them frequent the noxious tea-table, the gossiping parties, and the idle card-room, where the atmosphere of detraction is engendered and breathed, and they will discover their mistake. But the misfortune is, that even though the false-

hood is discovered, the rankling effects still follow the individual. Suspicion of crime will ever live in the minds of many, whose prejudices and distorted views can never be convinced ; and the finger of shame will still dare to point at innocence, until disgusted, and irritated into crime, it finds only in the grave the repose it desired.

When malice is the motive for detraction, it cares not respecting the means of crushing its victim. I have known many a spotless character traduced, because it could not live in the consuming fire of another's hatred. The individual either stands in the way of the other's preferment, is guilty of more intellect and discernment, disgusts by his misfortunes, or dares to defend himself from the attacks levelled upon his person. Many are indignant "when genius thinks it politic to magnify itself: and yet they ought to be silent and reverential ; for the more genius enlarges its capacity, the more gentle, the more amiable, the more modest it becomes ; as deep oceans are more pacific than shallow ones." There are some whose malice it is an honour to incur. As they have no reputation to lose, their detraction is our best encomium,—their esteem, the

bitterest reproach upon our characters. Who would not rather imitate the silence of the lion, at hearing the braying of a mule, than force such reptiles into notice by the severity of our reproofs? Hatred is the element in which they breathe; and they could not exist in the quiet waters of peace, without agitating and filling them with mire. Why should we be indignant if the toad spits upon us his venom, and the serpent hisses upon us its enmity? And shall we suffer our minds to be disconcerted, because we are attacked by the clamours of the malicious? If the law cannot defend us, let us live our reproaches down by virtuous and exemplary conduct, and trust that our epitaph will be written by the hands of the virtuous and discriminating.

But defamation of character most generally proceeds from indolence or loquacity. Those engaged in no concerns of their own, are always sure to be engrossed in those of others; and they are naturally led to add to their suspicions the unfavourable rumours which they have heard. Habits thus expensively acquired, excite them to dwell upon whatever is offensive and unamiable, and exaggerate shades of character which

they but imperfectly behold. They observe but to detect error—they converse but to elicit faults—they mingle with society only to revile its frailties. Whatever they describe they magnify—whatever they esteem they venerate—whatever they dislike, they speak of with the bitterest abhorrence.

Loquacity as frequently ministers to a calumnious temper. It is in the tide of conversation, when heart meets heart, that the fame of absent friends is apt to be assailed, and when every idle report concerning them is treasured up and circulated with avidity. Then the dubious shrug and the cruel insinuation speak far louder than language, and array the unhappy object in the blackest of colours. Oh, what abominable slanders are propagated in the thoughtlessness of conversation, which, in the moments of reflection, we are heartily ashamed of and despise! In hours of secret communion with ourselves, we feel that those we censure are undeserving of our reproaches.—“We find in them” with Pilate, “no fault at all;” and were it not for the surmises of report, and the shame of retracting what we have said, we would affectionately take our condemned friends by the

hand. Christians have also to learn, that "to speak evil of no man," is as imperative a duty as "to love their neighbour." Alas! that their professions and practice so frequently disagree; and that instead of sowing the seeds of love on the soil of the heart, they sometimes prefer to engraft it with thorns! Many a noble soul has sunk under the frown of these calumnious triflers; and many a tear has fallen, and many a heart has been broken, that will one day ascribe its ruin to an ungovernable tongue.

"Calumny

Is a light breeze, a gentle zephyr which
Comes on in whispers, sweetly, mildly, scarce
Perceptible. At first a still small voice
Glides softly o'er the ground, till by degrees
Spreading around, it wins a crafty entrance
Into the ears of men, and fills the brain
With pride and wild amazement.

Then at length,
Finding a passage by the tongue, its force
Increases; though but gradually: and now,
Flitting from place to place, it sweeps along,
Like to the tempest, and the thunder storm
That desolates the forest, and congeals
The soul of man with horror. Yet ere long
It rushes headlong, bursts, and spreads around
Redoubled fury: then, in one loud roar—

Heaven's own artillery—wakes the giant power
Of fearful earthquake, and in wild dismay
Rides the tumultuous whirlwind.

So it is

With calumny's sad victim—vilified
And spurn'd, and smarting 'neath the public lash,
Fate drives him on to ruin."

But is it indeed to be always thus? Is purity to be continually endangered; and are the efforts of virtue unattended by reward? Surely not. "As the Alps are the sources of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po; and though those mountains are for the most part clad in eternal sterility, they make of Italy and France two most delightful gardens." Thus, mental persecution, though it frowns upon its victims, endows their minds with firmness to resist, and dispositions to benefit from the threatened calamity. In the language of the eloquent Bucke, "They resemble the cocoa-nut of Ceylon. They gain strength from neglect, and fecundity from exposure. By obstacles, vigorous minds are stimulated, not conquered. And as botanists, by administering certain compositions to the roots of flowers, teach snow drops to wear the colour of Ethiops: pinks to clothe themselves in green: and tulips

to assume the tincture of green;—the mind, pregnant with exalted precepts, makes fortune at length take the forms and the consequences best suited to its will.” To the philosophic mind, fortified by Christian hope, defamation of character, though a painful evil, is not a permanent calamity. An inward sense of innocence shields the heart from fear, and bids it cast its hopes upon a superintending Providence. Frequently, in this world, justice has interfered in asserting the claims of injured innocence, and lighting up smiles on that countenance which had borne the curse of Cain upon its brow.

I knew a man who, conscious of his own integrity, suffered under the heaviest wrongs which the tongue of defamation can inflict. His appeals to Heaven were disbelieved, and testimony but served to augment the weight of suspicion against him. He heard the dungeon of public sentiment closing upon him, and the hammer of justice preparing to rivet his chains. But the Guardian of innocence dispelled the gathering tempest by the unfolding of a single event. Society recalled him to her confidence and esteem—he embraced his family with the tears

of grateful delight; and he lives to commemorate with his friends the protection of an overruling Power. This circumstance is a token to the injured bosom, of that approaching day, when every wrong shall be recompensed, and the ways of Providence clearly unfolded. Silence your complaints, ye persecuted sufferers! the hour of your triumph dawns: your harp shall one day resound with the melodies of victory. Heaven shall acknowledge you among her honourable sons—the voice of the detractor shall no more mar your peace where all around is felicity and glory.

“In quiet hope and patient faith, spring’s needful conflicts
bear,

Then green shall be thy summer leaf, in skies more bright
and fair;

And fruitage of immortal worth, in autumn’s later days,
Shall on thy bending boughs be hung, to speak thy
Maker’s praise.”

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

O, had I known that woman's love
Had been so hard, so ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pinn'd it with a silver pin.—HOGG.

IN the state of Pennsylvania, near the village of Huntingdon, there is a wild tract of country, consisting of rocks, valleys, and mountainous passes, and extending several miles between immense barriers of limestone, which terrify while they attract the observation of the traveller. A narrow pathway of road intersects this dreary region, and winds, in a singular serpentine manner, among frightful projections, and overhanging forest trees, wherever the nature of the country will admit of a passage. There are also, for some leagues around, numerous tall cliffs, of various shapes and sizes, which, from their striking appearance and solemnity, have been long known by the name of the Pulpit rocks. In

many parts of the road, less encumbered with brush and other forest obstacles, the eye can gaze upon its windings through the valley—but in every few steps the whole is lost sight of by a sudden bend, which appears to branch off in a precisely opposite direction. About the centre of this solitude stands the trunk of an aged tree, gigantic in figure and height; and having two scathed branches reaching like arms on either side, it presents the appearance of a huge giant, lording it over the domains of his dark and barren empire. As one approaches this forest monument, the path becomes so crooked and devious that it sometimes appears to cause the traveller to recede; and at others, to make surprising advances in his journey. Now, the withered trunk is immediately on his right hand—then, it alters its posture to the left, and now it seemingly moves nearer to greet his approach. Another change of position will bring it in the rear,—and then again it will be seen in full view in front, until it becomes hidden for a while by the impediments of the road. A blanket has been wrapped round the top, by some droll hand, to represent a head; and so phosphoric are the decayed trunk and limbs, that, of a dark night, the whole appears

like a fiery apparition, ready to fall upon those who have the temerity to pass it. Few persons have the hardihood to venture upon so comfortless a region, after night has set in; and since many strange stories have been told of this tree, many consider it an evidence of resolution to visit it in the day-time, although nothing is seen or heard but the usual sights and noises of nature.

But love, it is said, can conquer all difficulties; and, with a beloved object in view, can fight its way through goblins and giants to arrive at the object of its desires. Be that as it may, fear is often a powerful drawback to the success of the inclinations; and they who set out the most valiantly in the attainment of victory, have been known to surrender at discretion whenever the terrors of the battle commenced.

Not far from the place before mentioned, lived a bonny old farmer, whose only wealth consisted in three hundred acres of the richest land, and a charming daughter, who, it is said, was the finest fruit which had ever been raised on his farm. All that the old widower cared about was.

the cultivation of his grounds, and the preparation of his produce for market; and Miss Jemima had all the management of the in-door concerns, even to the polishing the brass rods upon the stairs. In truth, she was an excellent house-keeper, and was not brought up merely to dress, flirt about, and spend the hard-earned gains of her father. But Jemima was handsome, and she knew it; and, as is the case with young ladies whom nature so endows, was by no means determined to spend her days in the bonds of single life, when she might become the happy wife of an affectionate husband. She had determined to give her hand to no one but a soldier, as she had loved, from her childhood, to read of military achievements; and her little heart never fluttered more than when she came in contact with a suit of regimentals. Now she had grown to woman's estate, her head ran upon nothing else than the sound of the drum and the fife; and she often woke from a dream, in which she was binding up her husband's wounds, and listening to the shouts of victory in some splendid triumph which he had achieved. As there is no accounting for tastes, so there is no remedy but submission when the ruling passion is supreme; and Miss Jemima

had read too much of the military character, in novels, to listen to the warnings and counsels of her father. There was a young farmer, by the name of Peters, that had long solicited her hand. He really loved her; but he was too plain and unsophisticated for our young heroine, who dreamed of nothing else but being lady to a general. Peters visited at her father's house almost every night: he knew that her parent secretly desired the match; for Peters was a forehanded man—was rather handsome and agreeable, and of all men in the world was most likely to make Miss Jemima happy. But “those whom you are to have, you will have,” thought the rosy-faced damsel; and if I am destined to be the wife of an officer, why should I marry Harry Peters? As the inclinations generally direct to the course of conduct we pursue, so we are weakly apt to suppose that to be our destiny which is only the result of our wishes, and which is solely brought about by our own agency. It so happened, that she became acquainted with two gay, young officers, who were travelling on to join their garrison at the south. One of them became remarkably smitten by the charms of her person and mind, and actually

made her a promise of marriage ; proposing, that in case of her father's refusal, she should elope with him immediately to the army.

Nothing was more abhorrent to the farmer's feelings, than to marry his daughter to a soldier; and he accordingly expostulated with her on the subject, representing him to be a homeless wanderer, and incapable of respectably supporting her. But the mind can seldom endure to be crossed in its favourite pursuit ; and more particularly so in love than in any other passion ; and the thwarted child always regards opposition as rebellion against his happiness, and like the resisted flame, his affection will always burn the brighter, in proportion to the violence that checks it. How seldom is a parent's pure motive regarded ! How little do we consider, that they who oppose our wishes are the dear beings who gave us existence, and whose life is wrapped up in rendering their offspring happy ! It is only when filial tears are streaming upon a parent's sod, that we feel the burning love which dictated their opposition ; and although they were mistaken as to the consequences of our conduct.

we love and reverence the hearts which were so alive to our welfare.

The faithful Peters became alarmed; since he thought that he had real occasion to apprehend the loss of his Jemima. But gifted with an uncommon degree of natural shrewdness, he suspected that there was something wrong about the soldier; for he had remarked a guilty sort of reserve in his visits to the house, and an undue familiarity with Jemima, to which his short acquaintance was little entitled. Although he sincerely loved her, he felt that he could freely resign her to an honourable man of her choice; but he could not bear the thought of seeing her united to one of dissimilar dispositions and views, who should win her affections by unworthy means, and insure her a miserable life. He was almost persuaded too, that Jemima loved him; for they had been long acquainted, and she had even hinted as much; but he ascribed her conduct to romantic notions she had imbibed, believing, that convinced of her mistake, she would prefer him to any other man. While musing on the subject one evening, near her father's garden, he overheard the officer making the proposals pre-

viously referred to ; and he immediately communicated them to the farmer. Exasperated to the highest pitch, they determined to punish the perfidious soldier, and do it in such a way as would effectually cure Jemima of her passion. They were of opinion, that if she could be persuaded of the cowardice of the officer, and that her attachment was only the chimera of a heated imagination, she would despise her own folly ; and that, could she at the same time feel assured of the worth of her real lover, she would confess at once his superiority to the other. Throughout the day, the farmer and Peters were apparently very busy ; and the next morning the officer came to demand the consent of the former to a marriage with his daughter. The farmer affected considerable surprise ;—but after mature deliberation replied, that he had no objection to consign his daughter's hand to that of a really brave soldier ; and that if he were truly such as his profession denoted, he would willingly give his consent to their union. “Name your price, sir !” exclaimed the eager champion of Mars,—“What feat of valour shall I perform to entitle me to your confidence ? Shall I challenge the Governor of your state, or shall I bring you the

scalps of fifty Indians, as a proof of my intrepidity? Your charming daughter is worth every sacrifice:—and were my life at stake, I would not be backward in presenting it!” “You are a brave champion, no doubt, my worthy friend,” returned the farmer; “but I care not a snap for the Governor, and less than that for every scalp you might bring me: I have an enemy of more redoubtable courage than these; and if you can but conquer him,—doubt not of my willingness to serve you.” “Your words shall be commands,” replied the soldier hastily; “Speak! let me know my errand!” “You must know, then, heroic sir,” resumed the other, “that our neighbourhood is haunted by a magician, or something of that nature, who inhabits a hollow tree in the precincts of yonder forest. After dark it is more than worth our lives, and a span of horses, to pass that place in safety. Sometimes, the apparition is like a body of fire, and reaches out to grasp us in his clutches. At others, he assumes the appearance of a venerable old man, to cheat us to approach him. But more frequently he assumes the dress and manners of a soldier,—and then wo to him that comes within the reach of his gun!” “Mere stuff!” said the officer: “think

you that I fear, my friend, such old woman's tales?—send me not to combat with phantoms, which live only in the brain; but give me substantial flesh and blood to afford you proof of my valour.” “Fear not, but you will have enough of that, young man; for those very phantoms often fight like tigers: so you are apprised of my terms; and he who will not hazard a battle with the demon of the forest, shall be no son-in-law of mine, I promise you!” The husbandman turned upon his heel, but the applicant of Venus was softened into compliance. “I accept your terms, sir,” said the soldier, smiling; “and since I have the choice of my weapons, and my reward, I rejoice that Jemima is mine.” “Hold a while!” said the farmer; “the demon, if conqueror, shall decide your refusal; but if you triumph over him, or come away unwounded from the field, you shall realize your wishes in marrying Jemima.” “With all my heart,” said the undaunted hero: “Name your time and place of my attacking this enemy!”

It was arranged that our officer should arm himself cap-a-pie on the following night, and be conducted by the farmer to the borders of the enemy's land, where he should receive sufficient

directions to find the object of his attack. But it was the determination of our lover to elope with Jemima that very night; and he merely assented to the farmer's proposals to give an honourable colour to his conduct, and prevent his being refused farther access to the house. Though he had consented to meet the farmer at midnight, he considered it a better joke to deprive him of his daughter; and if he could be so fortunate as to anticipate him a day beforehand, he cared little for combating with disembodied spirits. The road to which he had been directed, he had once travelled in the day-time; but he had seen nothing about it particularly terrifying, and he was determined to hazard all its dangers, provided he was certain of escaping with his prize. But crafty as he was, he was by no means a match for our Pennsylvanian rustic; and he had to learn, as will be found in the sequel, what it is to trifle with a brave and honourable rival.

Jemima had been apprized of all these circumstances by her anxious lover, and although she was surprised at the recital which had been given him, she declared that she had no doubt it was her father's intention of proving his

sincerity; and she begged him, by all means, to go, were it only to satisfy the whim. They could but elope together, if the officer should fail in his attempt; and, at all events, it were better to incur a trifling difficulty, than risk the danger and disgrace of flying from her native home. But fearful of losing her, the soldier prevailed upon her to lose no time in accompanying him that very night, as he was persuaded that it was a fiction invented by her father to delay and prevent the execution of his wishes. She promised to be in readiness, on the back avenue, precisely at ten o'clock; where horses were to be stationed for their reception, as she had no doubt that it was all a jest, and that they should soon return back as merrily as they went. It was owing to the powerful solicitations of her seducer that she consented; and it was not without many tears and compunctions of conscience that she resolved upon accompanying him. Abandoned by her reason and delicacy, what a wretched slave is woman! Thus, the first false step often leads her to the verge of a precipice; and she, who once trembled at the suspicion of crime, fearlessly plunges into ruin, overcome by the caresses of her deceiver.

At the appointed hour, the horses were both ready saddled in the lane, and Jemima and the soldier were mounted and pursuing their way towards the forest. There were two roads which led to the village of Huntingdon; one of them, passing through the dark mazes of the rocky defile, where stood the well-known tree, the subject of so much conversation; and the other, winding along the banks of the Juniata river, being several miles farther than the former. He chose the first, not only on account of its brevity, but because he could more easily conceal himself among the thickets from the danger of a surprise. The stars shone with dazzling brilliancy above their heads, imparting a richer blue to the celestial vault, and reflecting their light in ten thousand rays on the rippling water, which caused them to lengthen and vibrate in mimic crowns of glory. The gloom of the surrounding landscape was forgotten and shut out by the dark apprehensions of distrust, which will always harass the conscience when confident of doing wrong; and they, who in other circumstances might have admired the sublimity of the grand and silent night, listened only to the quick bounds of their steeds rattling over the uneven ground.

and beginning to plunge into the stillness of the mountain forest. It requires uncommon fortitude to hush down those feelings which incline us to virtue, and warn us to beware of the consequences which attend upon guilt. But they who once suffer themselves to be steeled against their remonstrances, are apt to become lulled into a stupor from which they may never wake till they are the slaves of crime. Thus it was with our fugitives: the one was journeying, she knew not whither, under the expectation of returning: the other was determined upon eloping with his victim. "Has father apprised you of the place?" demanded the damsel, in a low voice. "Yes," said the other in an unmeaning tone; "but does Jemima think me such a fool, as to be standing sentinel for the dead, when I have more occasion to be afraid of the living? Your father cannot surely expect that I am to be sent on a fool's errand; and if he does, believe me, he is confoundedly mistaken:—But know, my dove, 'there is more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords!' and why should I brave shadows who am already possessed of the reward?" "But surely," said she, "you mean to return to the cottage, for I have not certainly abandoned

father, and why do you reproach him with such folly?" "I tell you, girl," he replied, "that you are now mine, and that all the powers on earth cannot snatch you from my embrace! What is your old father to me, Jemima? have you not vowed to follow your soldier to the grave, and do you repent of your promise? Bethink you, my fair one, we are now out of the reach of witnesses, and enemies, and it is out of your power to retract!" "But one——" cried a deep hollow voice, from behind a neighbouring thicket; but the words were heard only by the maid; for the other was too deeply occupied by his own passion to attend to any other object. "What is that?" demanded Jemima, with a faint scream, riding nearer to her companion on horseback; "do my ears deceive me? who spoke?" "Yourself only, my trembling little vixen," replied the lover; "the echoes of this place, no doubt, are in love with your own sweet voice; and they are merely imitating its melodious accents." "I surely heard a voice!" repeated the terrified girl. "You did," returned the officer with a laugh. "but it was certainly your own!"

They rode on in silence until they came within

the embrace of the overhanging cliffs, and began to enter upon the narrow road which was so deeply involved in their shadow. The pulpit rocks, which were now and then partially visible through the openings, seemed dressed up in every variety of shapes to which the fancy can give birth,—sometimes wearing the aspect of castles and terraces; at others, of huge animals loitering in the forest, and as frequently, of tall giants mingled together in battle. The stars, which had once shone so brightly, were completely hidden by the mighty trees which lined the sides of the valley; and the pall of night seemed more fearfully spread over the dismal regions which they were entering. Now the heart of Jemima began to relent, and she began to feel the impropriety of leaving her father's house, under the protection of a stranger, and encountering the terrific dangers to which her person was exposed. She remembered the past advice of her parent, and the tender faithfulness of Peters. She concluded that her father's story had been mere pretence; or, if true, that the soldier had no intention of fulfilling his promise, and that now, perhaps, she would be compelled to bid an eternal farewell to her home. She would have given worlds, at the mo-

ment, to return: tears rushed into her eyes:—but how difficult is it to retrace the forsaken path of virtue! “Slowly, Jemima!” whispered the other; “do you see yonder bright figure, with two arms reaching out from its sides, and a scowling head that looks ready to eat up the traveller? Confound it! it bodes us no good luck;—and what if it prove the magician of which your father so faithfully warned me? But never fear, girl, I have a sword and a pair of pistols that will make the monster tremble if he dare to attack us.” The soldier counterfeited a laugh; but it was plain that he felt somewhat cowardly: but how could he now retreat without marring the success of his scheme? Jemima’s heart almost sunk within her, as she viewed the dismal object, which resembled a fiery giant, at a distance, moving alternately from right to left, and then coming nearer, as if sensible of their approach. The farther they advanced, the vaster and more brilliant it appeared; and its two arms, held out in the stiff attitude of defiance, gave it the aspect of a supernatural being, consuming all that came within its reach. The horses themselves began to partake of the panic—for they snuffed the air, and faltered in their pace, and

attempted to wheel about, as if returning. Just as they arrived at a bend of the narrow road, a dark figure was seen flitting across it, and in an instant was lost sight of in the mazes of the forest. "Did you see that?" demanded Jemima of the officer; "had we not better return, than face the dangers that menace us? there is no doubt but that enemies are pursuing us, and who knows whether there be not truth in the account which father gave you?" "I care not now," said the soldier, looking suspiciously round; "the time is come, Jemima, when you must be mine, or perish in this forest if another's. I have hazarded every thing for you, and no power whatever shall save you from my grasp." "But mine!"—exclaimed a rough, hollow voice near them; but from whence, it was impossible to tell. A slight rustling was only heard among the thickets; and in an instant, all was still. The unfortunate girl perceived that she was indeed betrayed by the soldier: but it was too late, she feared, to remedy her imprudence.

It was one of those calm autumn nights when the wind scarcely breathed over the woods, and only the falling of the withered leaves interrupted

the monotony that prevailed. The sky was not only obscured by floating clouds which defied the penetration of the stars, but it was also barred out by the steep masses of limestone which hemmed in the passes of the valley. The steed which Jemima rode refused to obey the guidance of the reins; and unable to manage it, she was thrown unexpectedly from her seat, upon a soft bed of leaves; but she was too much stunned by the fall to cry aloud for help. Her cries, indeed, would have proved of no avail; for our hero was too much engaged in managing his own animal; and hearing the other bounding furiously back, he concluded that Jemima must have perished, and that it was his duty to take care of himself. He began to think of his past guilt in enticing her from home, and his cruelty in exposing her thus to perish in the forest. But his reflections were absorbed by the terrific monster of fire, which now became so alarming that his horse refused to conduct him farther. He tried to sing some cheerful ditty, and call upon his mistress, but his tongue stuck in his throat: he endeavoured to urge his steed along, but he became fierce and frantic, and winnowed so loud that the very echoes caused

him to startle. He drew his sword, but he was scarce able to hold it: he grasped his pistols, but was ignorant whether they were primed or loaded. His hair almost stood up on end as he approached nearer to the frightful object, and perceived a man beside it, who, from his soldier-like appearance, must, doubtless, be the magician of which the farmer had warned him. He snapped his pistol, but it merely flashed in the pan: he tried to wield his sword, but it fell from his trembling hand. There was no escape from the enemy whose weapon was aimed directly at his head; and, stunned by the blow, our hero was levelled from his horse. How long he lay there he was unconscious; but at length he rose up, bruised and dismantled like a brave and vanquished warrior, and looking around, saw nothing but the stump of an old tree shining like fire, from the phosphorus that covered it; but the magician had gone. He had sufficient strength to mount his nag, which he found quietly grazing in the road; and after reflecting upon the past as philosophically as possible, and concluding that the blows which he had received were too heavy to be supernatural, he rapidly continued his course, until he joined his regiment at the garrison southward.

Suffice it to say, that Jemima was not carried away by magic hands; for the movements of the lovers had been closely watched, and followed. She awoke the next morning, and perceiving the assiduous Peters and her father in the room, she reflected upon the past as the effects of a horrible dream. She had been thoroughly cured of her romantic attachment, and always changed the conversation whenever it touched upon that subject. Being soon convinced that Peters only could make her happy, she was not long after married to him, and became a most exemplary wife. Ignorant, till the day of her death, of the officer's mishap, she never even suspected that Peters rescued her from the forest, and that he was the only magician that haunted the Pulpit Rocks.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast :
A spark that upward tends by nature's force,—
A stream diverted from its parent source ;—
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea,—
A moment parted from eternity,—
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come,—
An exile anxious for his native home.—H. MORE.

DISCONSOLATE by the death of a tender father, my friend was walking alone one evening, buried in deep reflection upon his loss. While gazing upon the bright and silent stars,—who knows, thought he, whether my parent is a resident of one of those pure orbs, and is now looking down from his happiness upon the sorrows of his child ? Or may he not cease to exist ; and may not the mind, which sparkled in him, have expired in darkness—like the fate of that meteor which is shooting across the heavens ? He watched the coruscation, and regarding it as the

token of his parent's extinction, saw it glimmering and diminishing to a single spark. He continued to gaze upon it, but it still remained fixed; and he began to conclude that perhaps he was deceived by a star. After much consideration, he perceived that it had merely settled upon the bosom of a planet, and faded away in the light of the latter. Whatever were his doubts, the soothing consolation came over him, that thus it was with his deceased father—that the “star of his being,” refined from the dross of mortality, thus “mingled with heaven;” and that he shone there, “as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.” He returned home fully impressed by the belief of the soul's immortality; and, although taught by so trivial an incident, it will follow him to that closing hour, when his “mortality shall be swallowed up of life.”

Who can be a skeptic to his own immortality? Is the doctrine contrary to reason, or beyond the power of Omnipotence to establish? Is it more difficult to believe, than ten thousand mysteries around us, to which, though incomprehensible, we subscribe our faith? Do we place implicit

confidence in the revolution of myriads of worlds upon nothing about innumerable suns, each inexpressibly larger and more glorious than our own? Are we convinced of the inexplicable union of mind with matter, and the mysterious and overpowering consequences which result from the combination? Are we persuaded that there is a Supreme Being, infinitely perfect, without beginning, or termination—omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent? Shall then our own immortality, which is, to these truths, as a taper compared with the sun, stagger our faith? Is it not a hope, accordant with reason, with our notions of the Divine perfections, with the general analogy of nature and philosophy, with the sublimest views and principles of the most intelligent and pious? Is it not established by a Volume, which purports to have come from Heaven, and is it not so superior to every human discovery, as to convict the mind of its celestial origin?

“ Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live for ever ?

Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all ?

This is a miracle, and that no more.”

But what is the soul?—Some have thought it a “light substance in the shape of the body ; but

of a nature so elastic and ærial, as to be insensible of touch; bearing the same relation to the frame that music does to an instrument, or perfume to the solid substance of a flower," passing from it at death as vapour from the earth; and, though intangible and unseen, penetrating, like the electric element, the most solid of bodies. Others suppose that it is a principle, resembling gravitation, or the magnetic fluid operating invisibly on the senses of the body, and being too minute for the powers of the microscope, consequently escaping the organs of vision. Some have viewed the soul as possessing the nature of angels; and others, as being a portion of the Deity. But what philosopher can analyze its nature? What anatomist discover its form and habitation? Like the fluids before mentioned, it baffles our research; and, though defining, perceiving, and comprehending all, is itself undefined, invisible, and unknown. But who would suspect its reality, because it has neither been seen, examined, or comprehended? As well might we doubt the existence of the wind, the influence of gravitation, or the magnetic fluid; and as well might the blind deny the certainty of sight. The operations of the soul, in like man-

ner, as clearly prove its existence ; and they must be blind, who, subscribing to truths so mysterious in nature, withhold their assent to facts so manifest in morals.

In common with the animal, the soul of man is possessed of the faculty of sensation,—that is, the power of hearing, and perceiving the various objects of sense, and applying them to the wants and comforts of the body. In distinction from the brute, the human senses are used as the instruments of the soul, and are operated on entirely by the influence of mind. It is not the eye that sees ; for this, like any other matter, is incapable of vision ; but it is a living principle which, using the eye, as it often does glasses, reasons upon the size and properties of objects. It is not the organ of hearing which is sensible of sound, no more than the trumpet which ministers to that purpose ; but it is the soul itself that drinks in the richness of music, and derives such speechless pleasure from the skill of the performer. It is not the nerve of feeling that discloses, by a touch, the proportions of bodies, since a staff may as well suffice as the hand ; but it is the spirit that forms a judgment of external matter.

and ascertains its bounds, qualities, and dimensions. Similar observations apply to the rest of the senses, which are merely the agents employed by the soul in manifesting and performing her desires. Hence we infer, that our organs of sense are in no respects ourselves, but are entirely controlled by an independent principle. Were the perceptive power and organs exactly alike, it would follow, that were the latter destroyed, the ideas of sense would terminate also; so that they who had lost their sight would cease to have any ideas. But mental perceptions we know are enjoyed by the blind; and in dreams we are sure that the perceptive faculty is often extremely vigilant, while the organs they make use of are entombed in a temporary oblivion. If the power then that operates remains in full force after the suspension of its organs, it is reasonable that it will survive the shock of the last enemy; and as the mental faculty often survives the loss of many of our corporeal members, is it not just as probable that it will survive the wreck of all?

Contemplate the powers of the understanding!
What subject is too vast or feeble for the intel-

lect to penetrate? With the smallest animalcule that floats in a drop of water, to the mightiest planet which is whirled through space, the mental vision is constantly occupied. The plants, minerals, and properties of the earth, have been severally analyzed; and the history of its animals critically unfolded. The atmosphere has been decomposed—the very lightning drawn down from heaven,—and all nature taught to subserve the interests of man. Not content with ranging abroad, the soul attempts to ascertain and define the nature of its own powers. Enlightened by the gospel, it subjects to its controul the wills and passions of men, and improves itself and others in knowledge and piety. It can ever tear away the dark curtain of the grave; and, entering heaven by faith, listen to the melody of its angels. Consider too the sublimity of the will! a faculty empowering us in a moment to resolve upon a course repugnant to the senses, and in many cases, at first sight, utterly impossible: that produces, by a thought, the most astonishing results,—promotes the improvement of the intellect, and prepares the soul for the enjoyment of heaven. Witness also the treasures of the memory!—a faculty which identifies the present with the past

ages of the world: which unfolds to us, in retrospect, the remotest action, circumstance, and scene, and gifts the soul with a kind of mortal omniscience, shadowing forth that God who knows the past, the present, and the future. The affections of the heart also reposing on the noblest and purest of objects, command the astonishment of every meditating mind. Whence arises that wish after immortality, which is never satisfied till it rests in the possession of Almighty God? These affections and desires proclaim louder than language, that the soul came from God, and is tending to him again. They seem to be a faint reminiscence of Heaven, and a wish of retasting its once enrapturing joys. "As nothing in nature is superior to man, so nothing in man is superior to mind. This glances over the universe, as it were, by magic, and plans in moments what the body executes in years. The soul of man truly surpasses every object; and more difficult was it to form, than even the sun itself. It is no wonder then, that the secrets of its elements baffle the ingenuity and research of the best metaphysicians. From Aristotle, down to Locke and Berkeley, Reid, and Stewart,—which of them understood the nature of the soul?"

But what are the most consolatory proofs which establish the immortality of the soul? The most powerful, undoubtedly, is the testimony of Scripture. From this fountain alone has emanated all the moral light which we possess; and since there never was a time when man was without a revelation, he must have been solely indebted to it for all his religious ideas; and this is the reason why the immortality of the soul is so decidedly taught by it, while all other arguments are but the creatures of conjecture. That nature taught the doctrine, is the grossest absurdity; as nature is an effect, and not a cause; and, whether it be an abstract term for God, or the light which he originally imparted; in either case, the doctrine must have sprung from Jehovah, and not from human, unassisted reason. But if by nature is only meant the untaught intellect, it follows that it is incapable of instructing itself. The immortality of the soul, consequently, was never taught by nature; for nature can teach nothing without instruction from Jehovah. If the soul's immortality was discovered by itself, why has it not learned too the nature of its own existence, and the manner of its union with this tabernacle of clay? Though

philosophers have written several thousands of years, why know they still as little of its secrets, and why should a truth, the offspring of human genius, still linger at the portal, when it should have advanced long ago with the sciences up the temple of improvement? If this truth were discovered, why were not, also, the mysteries of mind? and like discovering the source of some mighty river, why have we not arrived at the source of its existence, and been enabled to drink of those pure fountain streams which are now so hidden from the view? The scriptures alone then have revealed this doctrine; and if maintained by the pagan world, as is currently reported, it must arise from tradition—by the dispersion of Noah's sons. That patriarch's family must have been acquainted with it long after their departure from the ark; and although numbers of them apostatized from the faith of their ancestor, and became polluted by idolatry; still they never entirely lost sight of many important truths, among which may be ranked the immortality of the soul.

The consent of all nations, civilized and barbarous, is a powerful proof of the soul's immor-

talities. Composed of nine hundred millions of inhabitants, the Jewish, Pagan, Mahometan, and Christian world, though differing widely on every other subject, concur unanimously in this, that whatever be the shape the Deity assumes, and of whatever materials spirit may be composed, the mind of man is certainly immortal. It was maintained by the Romans, Egyptians, and Greeks, in the hieroglyphics of butterflies, and devices upon gems, statues, and vases. It is confessed by the Persians, who leave part of their graves open for the resurrection of the body:—by the Laplanders, who enclose a purse of money in the coffins of the dead:—by the Tartars, and North American Indians, in burying their dead upright, to be prepared for resurrection; and by the Hindoo widow, who consumes herself on the funeral pile to enjoy eternal life with her husband. The same truth is believed by the Hottentots, the Chinese, and the natives of the Pelew islands, all differing, it is true, in the manner of the soul's existence, but essentially uniting in the fact of its immortality. This agreement of all nations shows the common origin whence it was derived; for on what but moral topics exists there such a wide and universal har-

mony? It proves that mankind are one and the same family; and though scattered and divided like the children of a common father, though undergoing all the vicissitudes and sufferings of humanity, they are solaced and supported by the same precious hope of meeting and living for ever—one united and happy band.

The progressive tendency of mind towards perfection is one of the strongest arguments which reason can adopt. Every thing attains its highest glory here except the soul of man. Vegetation rises no higher in the scale of excellence. The fowls of the air still build their nests as they did centuries ago. The brute creation has always evinced the same sagacity and habits, and attained the loftiest powers of which it is susceptible. The human soul, on the contrary, has been distinguished for improvement. Whether we consider the rise of man from barbarism to the most polished refinement,—from the darkest ignorance to the profoundest knowledge,—from the vilest depravity to the most exemplary piety,—he has ever exhibited progress towards perfection. What were Greece and Rome before the days of Romulus and Homer? What was civil-

ized Europe before the conquest of Julius Cæsar? and what was America previous to Columbus, or even for a less space than one hundred years ago? The history of mind demonstrates that its conquests have been advancing. Having moved six thousand years in the road of mental labour, we still feel the poverty of what we know, and are continually pressing forward to the discovery of new wonders. Such will ever be the tendency of mind. All the wealth of earth, all the wisdom of ages, and all the discoveries of genius, will never cloy the curiosity—will never suspend the exertions of the inquisitive soul. It is panting for a state when it shall realize with God an everlasting rest, and the perfection of those faculties which it now feels obstructed; when, doomed no longer to a transitory being, it shall exist for ever, vigorous and free, with no obstacle to retard the advancement of its powers.

The immortality of the soul appears further evident, from its frequently rising above the weakness of the body. Instances are recorded, not only of premature genius discovered in children, but of lofty flights of intellect in the feeble, the diseased, the aged, and the dying. When

the body is sinking under the violence of disorder, and unable to exert a single faculty or muscle, why, let me ask, is the mind often vigilant, collected, and powerful? Does it not prove that the soul of man is independent of the body, and outliving the tenement which is mouldering around it? Cases may be furnished of the mind's apparent decay, but these are instances when the bodily organs are so weakened and impaired that the soul cannot act through them; and, as a broken instrument, stops the efforts of the performer; so, the diseased body will suspend, for a season, the operations of the soul. The eye cannot see, the ear hear, or the hand feel, because the vital circulation is impeded in its channel: but the reasoning faculty, independent of this, may be all the while regaling itself in the discoveries of divine wisdom, and urging its flight above the regions of the stars. If then the mind expire with the body, why is it often active when the other is exhausted? Why towers it frequently above the weakness of the frame, retaining to the very last the full exertion of its powers? Why does it repeatedly evidence, at the very eve of its departure, brighter scintillations of thought than it ever did in its healthiest

career? It must be, that the mind, undisturbed by the calamity which affects its partner, is becoming liberated from its bonds, and better capable of exercise. It seems hovering like an angel within the walls of its prison-house; and lingering, amid the ruins of its clay-cold tenement, to assure weeping survivors of the truth of its immortality.

The aspiration of the soul after something greater and better than itself, is a demonstration of its immortality. As all our ideas are the result of information, whence could so sublime a conception as this have germinated, unless from a Divine communication previously imparted to the mind? That the hope of immortality could have been the fruit of the untutored intellect, is a supposition irreconcilable with the laborious training it must submit to, before it comprehends the simplest principles of science. As this anticipation must spring from a divine source, it carries with it its own irresistible evidence. This comports with sound philosophy. If man is capable of conceiving a more glorious state than the present, which he is never to realize, is it not an imputation on the wisdom

of the Supreme Being in creating him less perfect than his fancy can imagine, and inspiring him with hopes which were never to be gratified? If he can picture to himself lovelier scenes, and more delicious enjoyments than this world can yield him, there must be a prototype to produce the image on his mind; as the shadow pre-supposes a substance, and light, the existence of a luminous body. Could a bliss be conceived of in heaven more transporting than its own, there would still be another heaven beyond: and hence we infer, that as the imagination does not realize the perfection which it covets here; as it looks forward to "a new heaven—a new earth," and immortal glory, they must consequently exist, to account for its aspirations, and reconcile the attributes of the Divinity.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,

When fate relenting, lets the flow'rs revive?

Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,

Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?

Is it for this, fair virtue oft must strive,

With disappointment, penury, and pain?

No! heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,

And man's majestic beauty bloom again,

Bright, through the eternal year of love's triumphant

reign."

'That mind is immortal, may be further inferred, from its frequently surviving the loss of its bodily members. We may be deprived of our limbs, and yet the intellect will continue unimpaired; and, on the other hand, the body may remain in cloudless vigour, while the intellect is broken down with infirmity. Cases are on record, of persons, whose spinal marrow had been injured, who not only survived the shock, but preserved their reason entire. Even the brain, often considered as the thinking faculty, may receive considerable detriment without diminishing in the least the powers of intelligence. It has been totally diseased, and large portions of it have been repeatedly removed, without any mental injury following. The heart also has not only been disordered, but its functions have been so impeded, as almost to endanger vitality; yet the intellectual faculty has still maintained its energy; and so also the blood, supposed by many to be the seat of life, has been almost drained from the arteries, but yet the powers of the soul have still continued unshaken. Does not this establish, beyond a doubt, that mind is independent of the body? and, although compelled to use it for the purposes of animal life, is, in no

respect, indebted to it for intellectual vigour? To search then for the soul amid the bodily members, is like seeking the master among his slaves, —like finding the musician among the chords swept over by his hand. Must we not conclude, that the mind, which is so unaffected by the loss of its organs, is consequently unliable to dissolution, and must no doubt survive the loss of every corporeal faculty? It is also a well-known fact in physics, that the human body changes its entire substance within a very few years, so that every particle it possessed becomes altogether new. “An absorbent system exists in the brain,” according to the ingenious Mr. Rennell, “by which, in process of time, that organ with the body undergoes a total change. Now, if the particles of the brain were capable of consciousness, consciousness would cease upon their removal; and personal identity would be destroyed. Personal identity depends on consciousness; and, as that consciousness continues, it must be something which does not fluctuate and change; something extraneous to the brain. The body, like the Paralus of Athens, may, by the deposition of new particles similar to those absorbed, preserve an appearance of identity, when no one particle

remains unaltered. But there is no *appearance* of consciousness: in consciousness the individuality must be real; and this, seeing the brain transmutates, can only be by the existence of an immaterial essence which never changes." From all this it is concluded, that although the body changes, yet the soul itself is always the same individual being. The memory, volition, understanding, and affections, are the same it possessed in childhood; and amid all the revolutions which the frame has undergone, it is sensible of no change but the change of improvement. Is it not more than probable, that as it outlives the mutations of the body, it will also survive the last change of death, and that it is consequently immaterial, imperishable, and immortal?

We shall arrive at similar conclusions, if we contemplate the distinctiveness of mind from matter. Lunacy, for instance, owes not its origin to a malformation of the brain, so much as to various moral causes, which rather require a moral than physical treatment; and even where its structure is disturbed, it may be regarded more as the consequence, than the cause of the disease. In the indulgence of the passions, too,

anger precedes the hastened circulation; sorrow, tears; and joy, the indulgence of laughter. Something superior to the senses must regulate the movements of the body; for some of those may be affected by paralysis, and yet the mind itself may remain unaffected. A few sounds on the tympanum of the ear, or a few written characters on paper, will make a powerful impression on one person, which, observed by another, would not produce the least effect. That the mind only regards the object, is obvious, when we consider that the eye cannot perceive the loveliest object of creation, the ear cannot attend to the voice that accosts it, and the fragrance of the flower never invites the smell, unless their notice be particularly aroused. For a short time after death, the bodily senses are as entire as before it; and it is plain, that nothing is absent but the living agent which governed them. But where is its habitation? Every particle of the brain, even the pineal gland, has been destroyed by disease, and almost every portion of the body has been amputated and removed; but yet the seat of the mental faculty has remained undetected. Who then does not infer from the distinctiveness of mind from matter, that the former must for ever survive the latter?

To these arguments might be added the dread of annihilation indulged by the soul,—its thirst after fame,—its consciousness of superiority to matter,—its desire after perfection,—its incapability of extension, divisibility, or space,—the fear of apparitions, experienced by all nations, the rudest as well as the most refined; and what is of deeper weight than many others, the cases of suspended animation and trance—the phenomenon of dreaming, in which the mind is wakeful and collected, while the powers of the body are enchained in a temporary lethargy.

The endless duration of the soul is also corroborated by the general analogy of nature. As matter is imperishable, shall we not conclude that mind is so also? Wood may be reduced to ashes, but the ashes remain to fertilize the earth. Vegetation decays, but only to give birth to another race of plants. The chrysalis bursts its narrow tomb, and soars to renovated existence in a more glorious form. The animal dies, but from its dust spring innumerable herbs, which enliven and sustain other tribes of animals. Even the human frame mingles with the clod of the valley, to impart renewed fertility to its soil.

The willow, which grows upon our friends' graves, may receive part of its nourishment from the bodies beneath it, and evidence the vigour it derives in its leaves, branches, and fruit. The bird which feeds upon the latter, and carols over the grave, may be partially indebted for the sweetness of its song to the ashes of our friends. If then not a single particle of matter is lost or annihilated in creation, is it possible, arguing from the less to the greater, that God will permit the glorious spirit to perish? Shall the soul be denied a privilege granted to the cold, inanimate dust? Shall matter exist, while "the image of God" is mouldering in the ground? Shall trees, birds, and animals, outlive man by centuries, and shall their civil governor be limited to a few transient years? Shall the proudest monuments of architecture and of art survive, and the illustrious minds that planned them be swept away in ruin? Shall the churches, founded by St. Peter, Timothy, and St. Paul, still flourish, and do these renowned apostles exist no more to witness the fruits and triumphs of their labours? No! "God is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," though man is long outlived by hosts of birds, animals, and plants. The illustrious dead still

exist—St. Peter, Timothy, and St. Paul, are now alive in heaven; and though their bodies have long ago decayed, they live unto God, celebrating the conquests of His church, and waiting till all the redeemed of the earth shall have been clothed upon with immortality.

Who would not rather be an animal or plant, if this mortal life is to terminate our career? If spirit be not immortal, what apology can there be for moral evil? what consolation for sorrow? What reparation for the wrongs endured by thousands? Are we merely born to view the lustre of our own genius, and then to sink forgotten and dishonoured into the grave? Are we never to embrace again the dear offspring of our bosom,—the venerable parents we loved,—the companion who was the life of our existence,—the friends whose stream of happiness mingled with our own? Are we never to wake from the dream of life, and experience that bliss which “eye hath not seen, ear heard, or hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive?” Oh God! Is there no reality in these glorious prospects of heaven; but does

Darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there?

It cannot be ! The torch of revelation has dispelled the darkness which brooded over the tomb, and lighted up the heart with the hope of immortality. "The body returns to the earth as it was, but the spirit, to God that gave it." "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image freed from clay,
 In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day.
 The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The soul immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die."

THE FAITHFUL GREEK.

The brave young knight that hath no lady love,
Is like a lamp unlighted ; his brave deeds
And its rich painting do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—SCOTT.

At the beginning of the present century, before the funeral fires of war were lighted up in Greece, modern Athens was the most beautiful and flourishing of its towns. It contained about 12,000 inhabitants, of whom only a fifth were Turks, and a large number of foreigners, who were drawn together as to a focus, not only by its antiquities and centrality of situation, but from its fine exposure to the sea, and the numerous islands which skirted the neighbouring coast. The few Turks inhabiting it, by their mingling so long with its European society, acquired a suavity and refinement unnatural to their nation, and associated more upon a level with the native Greek inhabitants. The traveller here felt himself at home, and enjoyed higher privileges and

comforts than many other places afforded: the state of society was more refined: the intellectual powers were more awakened and exercised: the endearments of domestic life were more keenly relished; and the women, being more accustomed to the intercourse of strangers, were less reserved in their manners, and far more intelligent and lovely than in any other parts of Greece. Here stood the proud temple of Theseus, the remains of the parthenon, the tower of the winds adorned by its admirable sculpture, with many other precious relics of classic glory, contributing to render Athens not merely the resort of the antiquary and the scholar, but the illustrious monument of what human genius can achieve.

But Athens has assumed a far different aspect since the commencement of the war. The torch of the Ottoman has consumed many noble vestiges of former grandeur; and wherever the traveller passes, it is through bloody solitudes, and cheerless ruins; and his eye reposes on many a village and temple levelled to the ground, and the standard of the crescent waving over spots hallowed by the shadow of the cross. Athens has been of late years, with many other cities,

the scene of daring sieges, cruel massacres, and conflagrations; and its inhabitants have suffered all the horrors of expatriation and slavery. Some have sought refuge from the enemy among the barren solitudes of Salamis; others have dwelt in mountain caverns, or rude huts constructed in the wilderness, by their own feeble hands, while myriads have fallen victims to the pestilence, the severity of foreign climates, to famine, thirst, and nakedness, and what is worse, to the withering curse of despair. But like their own temple of Theseus, which lately received the shock of the thunderbolt without sustaining the least injury; or like the forest tree of their own mountains, which proudly waves over the desolation below it, the suffering Greeks have resisted the shock of their oppressors, and they still continue to tower above the storm, which is awfully rolling round their land. The history of individual suffering would be the history of that of Greece, as almost every family has shared in the afflictions of the war, and none has been exempted by reason of wealth, influence, or rank. Owing to the indignities and oppression inflicted by the Turks, the Greeks have acquired a ferocity of character unknown to their illustrious predeces-

sors ; and who can wonder, if beholding the ruin of their altars, and their homes, and themselves hunted down and degraded like slaves, or beasts of prey ; if feeling themselves abandoned like outcasts by the Christian world, and possessed of no other resource but their scimeter, and their God, they have almost regarded every one as an enemy, and been familiar with rapine, devastation, and blood ? But as the deepest darkness precedes the morning, so the bitterest sufferings of this people have ushered in the dawn of their deliverance. Christian nations are awakening to assert their rights ; and a few years, we trust, will amply repay them for all their injuries and wrongs. One case may be mentioned among the rest, which, if it prove the magnanimity and bravery of the Grecian character, illustrates the brutality and injustice of the Ottomans.

The sun was going down upon the gulf of Ægina, and clothing, with a soft mantle of light, the distant ruins of Athens, which seemed to the spectator like the present condition of Greece, illuminated in its closing hour by the prospect of deliverance. A few straggling barks were lazily

floating down the unruffled tide; and some dismantled vessels of war were moored near the beach, being either unfit for service, or waiting for the summons of battle. Occasional flocks of crane, and the white stork, with here and there a solitary curlew, were fluttering up and down the shore: swarms of various insects were glittering in the expiring sunbeams; and the dark blue ocean was sweetly slumbering under the still serenity of a breathless sky, which was almost without a cloud. The neighbouring islands of *Ægina* and *Salamis* appeared like fairy couches curtained by the golden clouds of the west, for the repose of the Grecian Gods; and every object around wore that rich, magic mellowness for which a classical landscape is so emphatically prized.

Seemingly forgetful of their country's sufferings, a party of young people were assembled upon the seashore, dancing the *Romaika* to the music of violins and rustic pipes. The circle consisted of young men and girls, who, holding each other by the hand, were following the movements of a beautiful Greek maid. At one time she would dart along, drawing her companions

under their upraised hands; at another, she would conduct them by such intricate windings, as almost to endanger the breaking the chain of hands and the unity of the measure; but she invariably delighted by the gracefulness of her evolutions, as well as by the charms of her person and wit. Her light auburn hair was crowned with flowers; a snow-white veil modestly floated down her face; and a rich embroidered cestus encircled her slender form. Her face was perfectly Grecian, and her full black eyes could not fail to thrill the gazer with unutterable delight. She was the daughter of two aged peasants who resided at Athens; and though she had numerous admirers, none had ever possessed her heart. The horrors of war brooded over the land,—and while her parents were alive, she indulged no desire to connect herself with any one, who might possibly involve her in misfortune. But how can woman indulge so unnatural a hope? How can she stifle a passion which nature's God has sanctioned and inspired, and refuse the protection of one who is dearer than father or mother? Though the promise may tremble on her lips, it has no resting place in the heart; and she who avowed herself an apostate to the worship of the lovely

goddess, reverently bends before her altar whenever the all-subduing passion takes possession of her soul.

At this dance there was a young man, the son of a wealthy Greek merchant of Corinth who had retired, at the commencement of the war, to the romantic cliffs of Lepsina, once Eleusis, about twelve miles from Athens, where, with a wife and three daughters, he was desirous of spending his days. It was the first time Demetrius had ever seen Mosco; but the impression was as indelible as if it had been for ever. Her meek beseeching look,—her airy step,—the pulsation of her hand, as it faintly beat in his own while led by it in the dance, had made a conquest of his heart, and he longed to become acquainted with her. But they who know the strictness with which Grecian girls are secluded by their parents, will be aware of the difficulties of Demetrius. He followed her home that evening, but had not courage enough to accost her; and so delicate is true affection, that it trembles lest even its honourable advances should be construed into rudeness. Many a night, when all was still, did he hover around her cottage, playing under

the windows some melodious token of his passion. But he never could arrest her attention except once, when he caught her sweet countenance for an instant through the lattice; but a chiding voice was heard, and she was gone. He returned to his parents and sisters at Lepsina, but his heart still hovered around the Athenian cottage. Nothing can shake off from a man the indulgence of the soft passion but the pursuits of active enterprise; and about this time it was currently reported that a Turkish fleet was seen about the harbour, and preparing to exterminate the remaining strength of Athens. Every Greek capable of bearing arms was immediately enlisted in the ranks; and Demetrius among the rest was compelled to forget the spoils of love for those of a warlike camp. Many secret landings, it was said, of the enemy were effected; and many outrages and violences committed upon the inhabitants around the coast; but the Grecian army was small, and unprepared for the assault, and there was no probability of its escaping the destruction of the assailants. Demetrius was quartered near the seashore, not far from the cottage of Mosco, and had leisure to reflect upon the beloved being whom he was called upon to protect.

Mosco was aware of the passion of Demetrius, for she was not indifferent to his burning gaze, and the assiduity with which he sought, and watched about the cottage. Woman may seem blind to the attentions of the other sex, but not a single motion escapes her penetrating glance; for there is a kind of magical communication between the lover and the object, which, like the unseen mirror reflecting the faintest ray of light, will render it impossible for the loved one to be insensible to all that passes. There is a sort of contagiousness too about the passion, imparting to the beloved object a kindred feeling with the lover's; and no matter how estranged in every other respect, they will harmonize when conscious of a reciprocal flame, as a musical chord is agitated by the vibration of its octave.

The Athenians were not only liable to the assaults of the Turkish inhabitants, but they were also exposed to the incursions of their pirates and coasting vessels, whose sole object was plunder, and the capture of the Grecian women. One dark night, several daring Turks landed behind a shadowy promontory, and made the best of their way to Athens. Not a soldier or living

creature intercepted their progress, and they cautiously pursued their way to a neat cottage which stood upon the road. Bursting the door, and rushing into the apartment, they found Mosco with her terrified parents. She shrieked at the sight of the barbarians, who were proceeding to tie her hands, and put the aged couple to death. But a violent rush was heard at the door, and a band of Greek soldiers appeared. The Turks were soon overcome, and the unfortunate family was liberated. But what were the sensations of Demetrius, who was the Captain of the party, as he gazed upon the same dark melting eyes, and listened to the same entrancing voice which had enchained his affections at the dance? Mosco caught his impassioned look, and a sweet, grateful smile played upon her cheek, as delicate as the mountain lily. Her parents thanked him again and again; but how poor were thanks, compared with the recompense he had obtained! His eagle eye had watched over the cottage—had detected the movements of the ruffians, and he was determined to fall upon them. Mosco could not but love him; for if love is enkindled by gratitude, how much livelier does it burn when it is fanned by true attachment! Every moment De-

metrius could spare from the army he was with her. The perilous state of the country rendered it hazardous for them to ramble abroad; and except an occasional walk by moonlight around the Parthenon, or along the cool shores of the Ilissus, they seldom ventured from the cottage. Mosco's parents highly approved of her choice; for he was a brave and handsome soldier, and capable of making her happy. They agreed to be married on the following week; but who can calculate upon the reverses of Providence? Demetrius was encamped upon a vast plain overlooking the sea: hostile fleets were sailing on its bosom, and the Turks of the Morea and other neighbouring towns were arraying themselves for battle. The Acropolis was but feebly garrisoned by a brave detachment of Greeks, and fresh supplies from Attica were momentarily expected. The frequent roar of cannon along the distant shores, filled our lover with the darkest apprehensions, as he knew that favourable winds might hasten on the enemy, who would soon put to flight his delicious dreams of happiness. He thought of the desolate condition of Greece—of his father's family at Lep-sina, and more especially of Mosco and her pa-

rents, who, in case of danger, would fall into the hands of the Ottomans. His reflections were disturbed, by immediate orders to stand in readiness for an assault, as an army of Turks was approaching from Livadia. The Greeks were attacked about midnight; but what could their bravery effect against superiority of force? Temples shared no better fate than private dwellings: the shrieks of the women, the shouts of the Turkish soldiers, and the thunder of the artillery, filled the soul of Demetrius with horror. He fought as valiantly as Leonidas; but the hope of saving his betrothed bride excited him to fly, if possible, to the cottage, and shield her from the fury of the storm. At the hazard of his life, he cleared his way through heaps of bodies, and falling ruins, and struck off into the main road; but a detachment of Turkish cavalry was blocking up its passes. He concluded that his best plan was to pursue the oblique windings of the shore, and take advantage of a dark forest in tracing his way to the cottage. After many circuitous steps, he arrived at the well known spot, but all was darkness and desolation. He entered the open hall-door, but no light struck his eye—every thing was still within: the furni-

ture had been all removed, and the house, it was plain, had been stripped of its inhabitants. He vainly called upon the name of Mosco and her parents, but he was merely answered by the din of war from without, and the hollow sounds of his footsteps as they rung through the empty rooms. Searching through the hall, he stumbled over something like bodies; and, by the faint light of the stars, he perceived that one of them was a woman, and the agonizing suspicion came over him that perhaps it was the body of his Mosco. In wild despair he drew them to the door, and perceived that they were Mosco's parents, who, all mangled and bloody, must have been murdered by the Turks. Satisfied that Mosco was not in the house, he was determined that their bodies should not be thus trampled upon, but should both be committed to an honourable grave. In the midst of his reflections, he heard approaching footsteps from the highway, and safety prompted him to take refuge in an adjoining chamber. The clatter of voices and feet rang through the house, and approached the room where Demetrius was a prisoner. He lay stretched out, feigning himself dead, and even felt the feet of the soldiers kicking him aside, as

they were searching the room for more plunder. A moment more, and they were gone. He raised gently up, and still hearing steps, he deemed it prudent to lie still; but very shortly he was enveloped in a dense smoke that scarcely allowed him to breathe. He rushed through the column of vapour, and perceived that the cottage was on fire. He escaped wildly from the place, and betook himself to the road that led from the city. The violence of battle had died away; the morning was just dawning; and among the half-burnt houses, and tottering walls, it was mournful to view emaciated wretches expiring from their wounds,—women pale and haggard, suckling their half-starved infants, or watching some lifeless bodies of which the late carnage had deprived them. The cries of distress which every where assailed his ears, and the contemplation of the smoking ruins, caused Demetrius to burst into tears.—“Oh God,” he cried out, “hast thou no pity upon my poor unfortunate country, but wilt thou suffer our wives, our children, and our homes, to fall a prey to the Barbarians? Yes! Greece is perishing, and there is none that will save her!” Thus cried the wretched man, as he turned aside from the main road, and laid

himself down in a sheltered grove to rest, after the exertions of the night. The enemy had abandoned Athens, and only left it sufficient strength to feel sensible of its wretchedness; and except its Greek inhabitants, there were only a few straggling wretches watching behind for plunder. Demetrius could not sleep: the most horrible dreams disturbed him: he thought that he had found Mosco weltering in her blood,—and that he was avenging her death upon her murderers. Now he was hurried through frightful chasms, and conflagrations, and battles, and then he beheld his parents and sisters murdered in the solitudes of Lepsina. He awoke, and determined to go in quest of his father's family; but looking around he saw the countenances of several fierce Turks, who were holding over him their scimetars, and commanding him, under pain of death, immediately to follow them. They conducted him more than a mile, to a monastic looking building, inhabited, no doubt, by some of the Turkish marauders, who were thriving on the misfortunes of Greece. To recount the sufferings he experienced would be impossible, being doomed to the most servile offices of domestic drudgery by day, and the incessant fatigue

by night of guarding the premises against the attacks of his own people. He endured the severest reproaches and cruelties; and kindness was promised only on condition of his abandoning the Greek cause. His only chance of escaping was in the absence of his inhuman masters. Regularly once a week they left the domains under the charge of two of their number; their object being to seize upon whatever booty they could procure, and store it away in their castle. He resolved to make his escape the very next opportunity, and seek an asylum under his father's roof. But he knew not whether he had parents or sisters, since they might have shared the same fate with Mosco and her parents. Captives there must have been in the building he inhabited, for he heard many voices of lamentation long after he had retired to rest, and he had no doubt but there were Greek women among the number. One day, while busily engaged at work in the upper part of the building, he heard a noise behind him, and looking through a narrow lattice, saw a female countenance: but what was his amazement, when he recognised the face of Mosco! He tremblingly accosted her. They looked at one another in speechless

delight; and after learning from her lips the sufferings which she had endured, he hastily told her not to despair, promising that he would deliver her from thralldom, during the very next absence of the Turks. But what an age every moment appeared, till the anticipated period arrived! The following day, he was ordered, on pain of death, to look well to his duty until the return of his masters. He waited a full hour after their departure; and when all was quiet, he stole into the ammunition room, and arming himself with every necessary defence, he hastened immediately to the apartment of his mistress. It was the work of a moment to force the door, and in an instant they were descending the steps of the monastery. The Turks little suspected their prisoner's design. They were dreaming of the war, at the entrance of the gate, and altogether unprepared for the vigilant Demetrius. They passed the sleeping sentries, who never listened to their footsteps; and long before the rest of the party were apprized of their escape, they had considerably advanced towards the plains of Eleusis.

Mosco informed Demetrius that the 'Turks had
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inhumanly butchered her parents, and that she had been brought to the monastery by one of the chiefs, who had persuaded her in vain to be his mistress. They travelled silently onward, fearful of being overheard, being too much occupied by their own safety to attend to any other concern. Having left the plain of Athens far behind, and wound round the hill of Corydalus, they listened to the trampling of horses from the rear. They quickened their pace, and were entering beneath the shadowy cliffs of the seashore, when they saw their Turkish tyrants gaining fast upon them; but by a dexterous movement, the lovers hid themselves into a hollow cleft, dark with mountain oak and pine, and through crevices of the rocks, they perceived them winding down the hill, and moving off by a different road from that which Demetrius meant to take. It was his intention to go directly to his father's, and place Mosco under the charge of his sisters, as he might be desirous once more of taking an active part in the war. In a short time he arrived at the paternal mansion, which was delightfully situated at the head of the Eleusinean gulf, beyond which was an arid level, relieved only by a few Balarian oaks and Olive trees, and Mount Parnes

in the perspective, adorned by its forest of firs. The family received them with every demonstration of joy. The war had swept past it without the infliction of worse misfortunes than occasional depredations upon its property; and in the society of Demetrius's sisters and mother, Mosco felt herself at home.

But Demetrius felt that it was his duty to assert the injured cause of his country, and accordingly soon after joined the Grecian army. Having crossed Phocis and Bœotia with 30,000 men, Omer Vrioni attacked the city of Corinth, which, after a feeble resistance, surrendered to his arms, leaving him in possession of its fortresses, and the command of the Argolic plain. Here Demetrius was stationed; and while valiantly defending the garrison, he was taken prisoner with a number of his own troops; and as the Turkish forces were destined for Napoli, was sent with the prisoners in a vessel sailing to the Dardanelles for a fresh supply of provisions for the army. He was now upon the wide ocean; and as the mountains and spires of Corinth diminished to a single point, he began to feel himself in the power of the Turks. and

awake to the wretchedness of his situation. He could not shed a tear for himself: the afflicted thousands of Greece—the condition of his own family, and the orphaned Mosco, called forth all his sympathy; and the thought that he might never see them more drove him almost to despair. After a long and tedious journey, he arrived at Constantinople. Though a miserable slave, he could not but admire the innumerable roofs, balconies, and domes, swelling above each other like amphitheatres; together with the splendid seraglios, monasteries, and churches, which adorned this noblest of Asiatic cities. But though he found here a thousand objects of admiration, he felt but little interest in the scene, being altogether absorbed in his troubles, and the slavery he was to undergo. Oh, how does the most beautiful object become changed, to the bosom that is overcharged with sorrow! The medium through which the mind views the object, has been distorted and dim, and how should it otherwise than disregard the most glorious of Heaven's gifts? Blest with the society of his Mosco, and undisturbed by the calamities which preyed upon his country, Demetrius would have enjoyed the scene almost as the effect of enchantment.

and been excited to gaze at those innumerable curiosities which are the pride and the ornament of Turkey.

The city at this time was uncommonly thronged, not only by the vast influx of foreigners, combined with the Turkish interest, but by crowds of native Turks, who were drawn together to learn the particulars of the war; and to behold and bid upon the Greek captives, who were to be exposed for sale at their markets. An important sale had been several days announced, and Demetrius was among its unfortunate victims. He had no doubt of falling into the possession of some remorseless Turk, who, if he did not take his life, would render it a burden. He began to grow weary of his existence; and since he had lost all worth living for, he became indifferent to every thing. It is cowardly, nay, criminal, to abandon our trust in an overruling Power; and because we cannot devise means of escape, to despair of deliverance from our trials. But poor human nature requires continual incentives to sustain a long series of troubles; and without the especial interference

of Heaven, we should often sink under their pressure.

Though the Greeks were generally successful in their contests with the Turks, they could not escape depredations on the seacoasts, from which frequently many families, and much property were carried away in their vessels. Greek prisoners were constantly arriving at the various depots of Turkey, and particularly at the capital, where slaves are so exceedingly valued. When the expected day arrived, the slave-market was crowded with a multitude of both sexes, sitting in a melancholy posture, and waiting for the examination of the inquisitive purchasers, who were beginning to single out their victims. At these inhuman marts, the unfortunate beings are narrowly inspected;—they to whom Nature has been parsimonious of her charms, are devoted to the meanest and most servile employments; while those to whom she has been most liberal, partake of the highest favours and esteem of their masters; and frequently, by changing their religion, rise to the same privileges and rank. The Grecian women are especial objects of desire; and those uncommonly beautiful, repeatedly

marry their purchasers; so that their situation is by no means materially injured. Demetrius was purchased by a Pasha of high rank; and while he was waiting to accompany his master, he heard his name called upon by a female voice, and looking among the crowd, he saw a woman whose face was partly concealed by a veil, but it was too familiar to escape immediate recognition, for it was no less than his beloved Mosco's. But how should she have come there? and where could be his parents and sisters? He gazed eagerly about the multitude, but they were not to be seen; and it was manifest that they must have perished like the parents of his Mosco. Demetrius gazed upon her with the madness of despair, but her pensive black eyes had lost their lustre: her cheeks had faded away like a withered lily, and the big tear, as it started from her eyelids, seemed to burn up and wear away her spirits. He rushed to the dear object, and clasped her in his embrace: but she could not speak; and in a few moments they were parted by an officious Turk, who, having paid an extraordinary price for the fair slave, was about carrying her away. The tears of Mosco, and the resistance of Demetrius, availed them

not. He saw her torn from him, to become the property of a Mahometan; but there was no other remedy but to yield. He followed his master, who was too much occupied by his own cares to regard the sufferings of his slave. He watched his beloved girl till she became lost in the crowd, and he saw no more than the waving of her hand. Demetrius possessed a mind of more than ordinary cultivation; and to this was added a fine figure, by no means devoid of dignity and grace. He was accordingly employed by the Turk, in the honourable task of private secretary, and was promised a considerable rank in the army, provided he would abjure his religion. But Demetrius had too much prudence to reject the offer of his proud lord; and hoping to procure his freedom, with that of his beloved Mosco, he deceived him into a hope of compliance, in order to mature plans for the promotion of her liberty. He might have frequently escaped; as he enjoyed such unlimited confidence, that he was allowed to ramble through the city, and feast his eyes upon the splendid monuments of Asiatic pride. But though he watched every countenance from the windows and terraces, he never discovered the object of his search; and

several months had passed away, and yet Demetrius could gain no intelligence concerning her. Had he known the name of her master, or suspected the direction she had taken, he might have possibly succeeded. He had now no desire to return to Greece. His family was no doubt dead; but she whom he loved dearer than life, was a slave among the Ottomans.

Returning home one evening, he was accosted by a Turkish slave, requesting him to follow her. To give efficacy to her entreaty, she took from her finger a jewelled ring which Mosco wore in happier days, and by this Demetrius was convinced that she must have sent for him. He silently accompanied the messenger into a splendid oblong building, surrounded by numerous wings, and surmounted by a spacious dome. Every human voice was hushed; and except the noise of a few patrols, and the repeated howlings of dogs, the city wore a sepulchral silence. He passed through several ante-chambers, and was, after many circuitous windings, ushered into a richly-furnished room, where, lying upon a divan or sofa, he perceived a female form all languid and withered. Demetrius felt as if it was all a

dream; and he approached the wan victim with a feeling bordering upon frenzy. As he stood over the couch and gazed upon her morbid features, he was sure that he could not be deceived. It was his own beloved Mosco—but oh, how altered!—Disease had blighted the rose upon her cheek, and her breathing was interrupted by a deep-drawn sigh, that seemed to bear her spirit along with it. They who have paused over the ruin of their best earthly hopes, can enter into the feelings of Demetrius. He wept like a child over the fair form that was mouldering away, and felt that he was unable to alleviate her misery. Mosco revived, and raised her sunken eyes to her lover. She recognised him in an instant: her sweet, expressive countenance became kindled with a smile; and in viewing him, she seemed to forget all her sufferings. As far as her strength permitted, she related how his father's mansion had been fired by the Turks, and that all but herself had perished in the ruins:—that she was taken prisoner, carried on board of a vessel, and was conveyed to Constantinople. She spoke of the anguish she had endured on his account,—how she had resisted the importunities of her tyrant, but that rather than be dis-

honoured, she had consented to marry him. With much difficulty she reminded him of the agony the sacrifice cost her: that she had been long lingering at the threshold of the grave: that he alone shared her heart and should possess it for ever. She had often seen him pass the house, but she had never been able till now to avail herself of the Turk's absence. Feeling herself at peace with Heaven, she told him she could not die in peace without his forgiveness, and the kind assurance that he would not hate her. Demetrius kneeled before the dying girl, vowing to her the most inflexible love, and declaring though the wife of another, he would always regard her as his own. He saw that the eye which encountered his was fast fading in its socket, and that the hand which he clasped was becoming senseless and cold. "And must we part so soon," said he, "thou dearest of earthly treasures? and is it thus that our union is to be dissolved?" "No, my love:" whispered the expiring Mosco, "life itself is but a dream, and our honourable attachment shall soon revive in heaven. But O resign me, my Demetrius. If Heaven restore you from slavery, return, in the flower of your youth, to avenge the cause of your

family and country; and let the thought enkindle your valour, that Mosco will be thinking of you. But farewell Demetrius! I die with my prayers for your happiness, and the salvation of Greece: may God grant——” Demetrius held her in his arms, and kissed the pale lips of all that remained of Mosco.—A moment more and all was still; for death had sealed his impress upon her forehead. Demetrius fled away, through fear of being discovered; and the next day the remains of all he valued were sleeping in the grave.

About a year ago, after the Turkish army had pursued its victorious march through Athens, an American saw the grave of a Greek officer, near the ruins of a beautiful villa, that had long been razed to the ground. On a plain stone was this inscription recorded:—“Here lies Demetrius, a brave Greek, who, having escaped from Turkish tyranny, and wept over the loss of all he loved, gallantly fell in defending the Acropolis. While this memorial records his worth, may the reader be excited to avenge his wrongs!”

